# PASSING EVENTS
## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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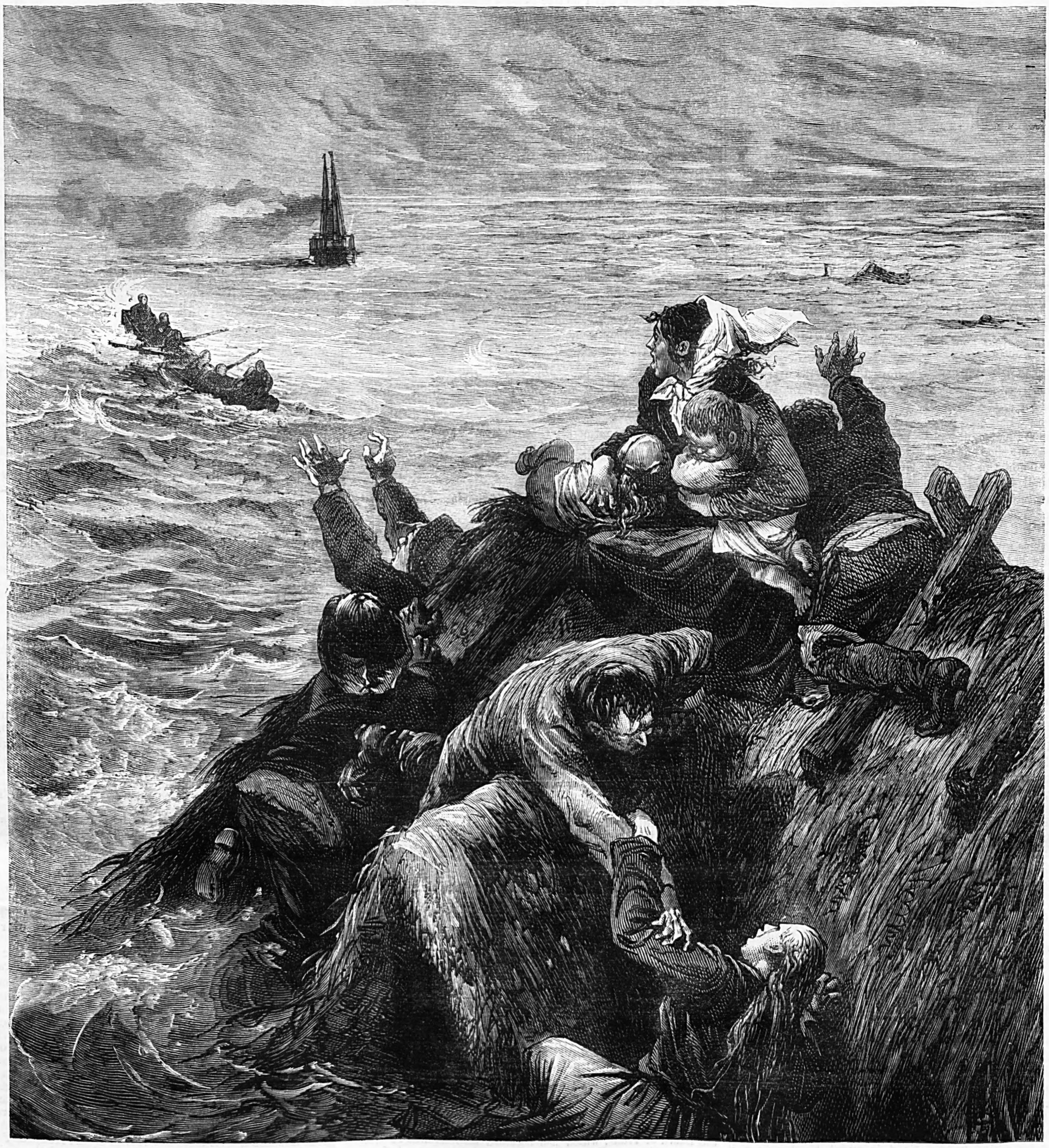

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## GROWLS.

ONE eminently practical effect of the recent strike fever is to be seen in every household, in the greatly reduced size of the bundles of wood used for lighting fires. These have been growing smaller and smaller for some time past, just as if the fir trees from which they are obtained were labouring under a gallopping consumption. This fact is due to a strike. The men employed in producing these indispensable household requisites, wishing for an increase of pay, gave notice of their desires, paraded the streets of London, assembled in Trafalgar-square, and orated there as per usual in such cases. The master granted their demands, and, to make up for the loss thereby occasioned, cut down the size of the article offered to the consumer. Therefore, we see the poor consumer has to pay for all. Only the effect of his paying for all is beginning to tell, as is shown in the utter stagnation in scores of trades, Christmas and the New Year notwithstanding. The consumer wants all his cash for the necessaries of life just now, and has no money to spare for ornaments or accessories.

Another article of general consumption that has depreciated, if not in quantity at least in quality, is the lucifer-match. Trash of the vilest description is foisted off on the ever-confiding consumer as matches. But when the ever-confiding consumer comes home on a dark night and splinters half a box full in the vain attempt to obtain light therefrom, he is apt to indulge in strong language. Of course there are matches, and if one went to a shop and carefully examined before purchasing, it would no doubt be all right. Only such details are generally left to landladies and housekeepers, who, when they do indulge in dreams of economy, invariably do so in the wrong direction. The only thing to be said in their favour is that there is little danger in bringing them into large families of children since they will not ignite—not even on the box.

Why are not means taken to keep the streets cleaner. On fine days one does sometimes see scavengers and their carts clearing away the mud that has not been absorbed by splashed vehicles and pedestrians, but during the late immoderate plague of rain and waters they have been, to use a consecrated expression for such cases, conspicuous by their absence. The consequence has been, that to traverse any broad thoroughfare has been to wade through a sea of fluid mud, unless, indeed, one prefers to trust to the tender mercies of the crossings. In proceeding from my dwelling to the Office of PASSING EVENTS, I (growling is best executed in the first person singular) have to run the gauntlet of some four of these. The first is presided over by an eminently respectable, old-established-family-business sort of a man, who brings three brooms to bear on his handiwork—one for the rough sweeping, one for general use, and one for putting on the finishing touches. He looks a cross between a decayed churchwarden and a gentleman's servant, and in wet weather puts on an excellent mackintosh reaching within three inches of his heels, and the possession of which I have envied him when a driving rain has set both great coat and umbrella at defiance. In the fulness of my heart, and the first fresh polish of my boots, I erst bestowed upon him coppers, since when he evidently considers he has a vested interest in me, fixes me with his glittering eye and extorts unwilling guerdon, for he looks so eminently respectable, I am afraid to refuse him. Next comes a crossing under the care of an elderly and irascible female with a red nose, whom I avoid as much as possible. If I have no coppers I pretend to be about to turn off in another direction, and, having thus escaped her attention, suddenly take a flying rush across her domain. My reason for this is the happy nack she has of sweeping mud over your boots whilst pretending to clear a path in front of you if you do not tip her before you get fairly across. I used to try fumbling in my pocket as I went along, but she soon found that plan out. Crossing No. 3 is in the joint occupancy of a gang of bare-legged boys, varying in number according to the weather, who principally assail elderly ladies, and are to be routed by a firm front. No. 4 is swept by the most painfully polite Frenchman I ever met with, whose bow of polite resignation to the will of Providence when I do not tip him cuts me to the heart, and extorts at least twopence next time. And the gauntlet of these I run at least thrice a week, because the municipality of London, or the Board of Works, or the vestries, or at any rate somebody who ought to, does not keep the streets clean.

I sometimes go to the theatre, and when I do I marvel greatly at the component parts of the crowd that gathers outside. Many of those who thus assemble outside are mere vagrants, vendors of bills, dealers in oranges, unauthorized howlers for cabs, pickers up of unconsidered trifles, and beggars; but others belong, to all outward seeming, to a respectable class, and are apparently attracted solely by the desire to witness other people enter the building. The desire is harmless enough, but its execution inflicts trouble on the play-goer proper. When I visit the theatre on foot I do not so much mind, having bills thrust into my face, for the sellers are at any rate striving to earn an honest livelihood, and I can even endure having a basket of oranges butted against my waistcoat. But why should I have to force my way through a pack of gazing noodles? If these would only keep away, the police would soon make short work with the thieves and the dirty little vagrants who slyly expectorate on your coat-sleeve, and then accusing some absent comrade of the act, volunteer their services to remove the stain in the hope of being rewarded.

Inside the theatre I find another grievance. I refer to the bill of the play; no, I beg pardon, the programme. I do not object to pay for this article if the management cannot afford to give it away, but I do like to have something in return for my money. In some theatres the programme is rapidly shrinking to the size of a visiting-card, and contains nothing whatever beyond the mere titles of the pieces played, which can be learnt from the daily papers. I do not want to learn the names of the property-man, the gas engineer, the individual in charge of the limelight, or the gentleman intrusted with the management of the box-office between the hours of ten and four, nor am I particularly anxious about the "opinions of the press," but I do like to have the full names of both characters and performers, and the complete list of scenes represented. Moreover, scant as is the space, the fourth part of the objectionable programme is taken up with a trade advertisement, and it is rendered still more repugnant by being subjected to a process styled perfuming. I am not in love with printers' ink, but to my mind its smell is infinitely preferrable to the insufferably mawkish odour imparted by the said process.

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THE "Central British Democratic Convention" has been established in Grafton Hall, Soho, the chair of the first meeting being held by a gentleman of the appropriate name of Mooney. The object of the Central Britons—meaning apparently Britons who reside in Soho, as distinct from outer-Britons who reside in Penzance, Inverness-shire and Carnarvon—is the carrying out of the following gentle programme:—

I. Amendment of the Constitution.
II. Codification of the Laws.
III. Manhood Suffrage.
IV. Traiennial Parliaments.
V. Abolition of the House of Lords.
VI. Payment of Members of the Commons—Odger to wit.
VII. Disendowment of all Churches,
VIII. "Nationalizing" of the Land; nobody to hold more than 50 acres.
IX. All taxation to be borne by the rich; no customs or post revenues.
X. Reduction of Taxation, the National Debt, the Army and Navy.
XI. Military servitude for "the manhood of the nation" (This does not interfere with the education of the Army and Navy).
XII. Revision of the Currency and Abolition of Pensions.
XIII. Ireland to become a Self-governing Colony.

The chief objection to the foregoing prospectus is that it omits some obvious reform; it does not, for example, provide for our dear friend and companion, Woman, whose political claims are still unrecognised. Nor does it deal with the weather which is our great trouble nowadays. We would propose the following additions to the Mooney programme:—

I. The Enfranchisement of Woman from such burdens and disqualifications as have hitherto pressed on them alone, unshared by the other sex—for instance, Maternity.
II. Abolition of all personal property; the maximum to be a twenty-pound note.
III. Abolition of Policemen.
IV. Abolition of the Weather.
V. The reservation of the Parks for Democratic Meetings: no gathering of carriage folks or well-dressed loungers to be permitted.
VI. Disendowment of the Universities: noboby to wear academicals except the scholars who chant parodies of the Litany in Hyde Park.
VII. No Central Briton to be asked to pay any rates or taxes at all.
IX. The Established Religion to consist of a tabulation of Lunar Myths, so that the term "Mooney" shall embody all that is great, glorious, and shining.
X. Absquotulation of Mr. Ayrton.

Were the last clause of this programme faithfully put into operation, we would join the Central Mooney Britons at once.

MR. LAING has been returned for Orkney and Shetland by a majority of 25 votes over Sir Peter Tait.

GAS consumers will do well to remember that the price of gas in London cannot be increased without the sanction of the Board of Trade, which has signified its readiness to hear representations against the proposed increase by several of the metropolitan gas companies.

## PERSONAL.

MR. BERNARD C. MOLLOY, of the Middle Temple, has, it is said, been appointed private chamberlain to the Pope.

SIR WILLIAM JENNER has been elected President of the Pathological Society of London.

THE Clerkship of the School Board for Llanrug has, it is said, just been given to a lady, Mrs. S. Eiddon Jones.

THE Duke of Marlborough continues to make good progress towards recovery.

MARSHAL BAZAINE's trial is now set for 1st of April, and the witnesses, 148 in number, have been notified to be in attendance at the time.

SENOR MORALES, the President of Bolivia, is dead. A New York telegram says that he was drunk and using threats against the Legislature, and was shot by his nephew.

GENERAL KLAPKA will undertake the reorganization of the Turkish army. For the task, which will extend over two years, he is to receive 600,000 florins.

THE King of Denmark has conferred the knighthood of Dannebrog on Mr. Delepierre, Secretary of Legation of the King of the Belgians.

STOKES has been found guilty of the murder of James Fisk. The crime was committed as far back as the 6th of last January, just a year ago.

IT is stated that the political friends of Mr. Miall, M.P., intend to present the hon. gentleman with a sum of £10,000, of which more than £8,500 has been already subscribed.

THE vacancy on the bench of the Court of Exchequer caused by the retirement of Baron Channell has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Charles Edward Pollock, Q.C.

ON Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales quitted Holkham House, and travelled by special train to Sandringham, where Dean Stanley has arrived on a visit.

A very successful operation (lithotrity) has been performed on the Emperor Napoleon by Sir Henry Thompson. His Majesty's health has not suffered, and no unfavourable symptoms have occurred.

IT is proposed in New York to erect a bronze statue of the late Horace Greeley. A Pittsburg paper, however, wants a real printer's monument erected, to be cast from worn-out type, contributed from newspapers all over the States.

LESS importance than it merited seems to have been attached to the illness of the Czarewitch, which has now continued for about three weeks. The latest bulletins report that his Imperial Highness sleeps for several hours together, that the febrile symptoms decrease, and that the general condition of the patient is "most satisfactory."

FALSE reports having been spread last week in Richmond, to the effect that Earl Russell was suddenly seized with illness, his friends will rejoice to know that the rumour is untrue. Earl Russell was in perfect health, but in crossing a short passage, which happened to be dark, he unfortunately fell, and bruised and cut his face against the edge of a wall. His lordship has sustained no injury of consequence.

CHARLOTTE REA, sister of the woman Mary Rea, who is in custody on the charge of perpetrating the dreadful double murder at Holywood, near Belfast, a week ago, was arrested on Saturday night by the police, looking, the reports say, "terribly frightened and careworn;" so that, apparently, little doubt is left in the minds of those officially interested that she has at least some guilty knowledge of the crime.

WHEN Baron de Bourgoing, the retiring French Envoy, had audience of the Pope to take leave he knelt, down to kiss his feet, but Pius IX. would not, apparently, tolerate such a degree of humility. He pulled up M. de Bourgoing and kissed him on both cheeks, adding these words, *d'une voix émue*, "No, dear count; you are one of those whom the Pope embraces." After which his Holiness "blessed the count and his family all round."

THE Bishop of Manchester administered a severe rebuke to one of his clergy on Saturday. His lordship said he had heard with shame and confusion of face of a church in the diocese in which there had been carried a banner on which was emblazoned the name of "the Queen of Heaven;" and he remarked that though he was glad to see a revival of reverence, devotion and piety, it must not be forgotten that there was a limit beyond which they must not go in imitating the practices of the thirteenth century.

CORA PEARL intends to astonish the Parisian *badauds* by the sale of her furniture and articles of *vertu*. We find in the catalogues sculptures such as Francis I. at Fontainebleau, or Louis XIV. at Versailles would have been afraid to order. The catalogue also comprises a full-size marble statue of Apollo, said to be a gift of Prince Napoleon; and another silver statue, recorded as a *souvenir* from one of the potentates who honoured the Exhibition of 1867 with their presence.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN was arrested in New York on December 20, on a charge of publishing an obscene and blasphemous sheet called the *Train Ligue*. Mr. Anthony J. Comstock, who was instrumental in suppressing *Woodhull and Claffin's Weekly*, was the complainant on this occasion. Train made no resistance, but was exceedingly violent and blasphemous in his language on the way to the station-house, declaring that his paper was obscene, and its object was the refutation and suppression of the Bible.

MISS ELLICOTT, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, has met with a severe accident while hunting with the Berkeley hounds. She was accompanied by a groom, and when at Churchdown the groom cleared a fence and wide and nasty ditch. Miss Ellicott followed, her horse fell, the rider was thrown, and the horse rose and literally stood over the young lady, and then walked away. Miss Ellicott was stunned, and remained insensible for half an hour. She was removed to the palace in a cart, and is progressing favourably.

COUNT VON ROON's letter from the Emperor William, on the occasion of his nomination to the rank of field-marshal, is in singular contrast to that which accepted the resignation of the Prussian Premiership by Prince Bismarck, and assigned to him his new and superior Imperial functions. The German Kaiser is actually effusive in his expressions of gratitude to the veteran soldier. When we look back upon the circumstances that attended the withdrawal of Prince Bismarck from the Prussian Ministerial Presidency, and the curt, dry, ungenial terms of the Royal rescript addressed to the man who has so marvellously elevated Prussia in the political world of Europe, it is difficult to forget the rumour current at the time that the great Chancellor's views on the reform of the House of Peers were far from being acceptable at the Court of the Kaiser, or at least to the Emperor William himself.

## AT HOME.

It is rumoured an edict has been issued—or at least it is understood in police circles—that any police-constable found speaking to ex-Sergeant Goodchild is to be immediately discharged. Is it possible that official tyranny can have reached this point?

Twenty police-constables who hailed from London, embarked on board the steamer *Ajax*, from Liverpool, on Saturday, to do police duty at Hong Kong. This transportation will doubtless be regarded significantly by disaffected members of the force.

It is stated that the Royal Geographical Society has received a communication from the Government, refusing to accede to the proposal recently laid before her Majesty's Ministers for a North Polar expedition.

It is suggested that a medal should be given for the Red River Expedition. When will this medal mania end? If medals and clasps are issued for every duty in which British arms are engaged, it is to be feared that the value of the reward will vastly deteriorate. It is low enough as it is.

The Commissioners acting under the Tweed Fishery Acts have resolved to undertake criminal proceedings against one or more of the fishermen engaged in the late affray at Berwick, when two of the fishermen were shot by the men of the gunboat. One of the fishermen who is alleged to have been among the most prominent assailants of the bailiffs has been identified. The fisherman who was shot through the neck continues to progress favourably, but the fisherman shot in the ankle does not proceed so satisfactorily.

The Princeites and Agapemonites in Bridgewater and the neighbourhood are continuing to hold a series of meetings, all of which are numerously attended; but some of them, in consequence of riotous interpositions, have broken up in confusion. On Sunday afternoon another meeting was held at Hamp, and another in a large room at Spaxton, the audience including numerous ladies. A large room in Bridgewater has now been licensed by the Agapemonites for holding meetings, but serious disturbances are apprehended, the doctrines which are preached exciting great indignation amongst the inhabitants.

Information has been received that the ironclad *Northumberland* is on her way home, accompanied by the ironclad *Hercules*, the former having sustained serious damage early on Christmas morning by a collision with the latter. During a storm the cable of the *Northumberland* parted, and she was rapidly drifting towards the shore, when she was happily stopped by colliding with the *Hercules*, carrying away this vessel's jibboom and topmast. The *Northumberland* lost three boats, and two of her compartments were filled by the leak, the extent of which was next day ascertained to be four feet long, caused by the *Hercules*' prow. The filled compartments appearing water-tight, it was decided to proceed immediately to Gibraltar, and thence to Plymouth. The new ironclad *Sultan* has sustained damage, the extent of which is unknown, by having touched the ground at Ferrol during a storm.

On Friday night a disturbance of an unusual and serious character occurred on board her Majesty's frigate *Aurora*, 28, which is at present anchored in the basin at Devonport. Some of the crew, to whom permission had been accorded to go on shore, having been guilty of a dereliction of duty, the commander ordered that the leave of all should be stopped. This being communicated to the men, greatly exasperated them, and they immediately proceeded below, where they threw the heavy shot about, unshipped the guns, hurled a barrel of tar down the hold, and knocked the lamp out of the hands of the guard sent to arrest them. They further threatened to throw one of the guns into the engine-room, and it was with great difficulty that they were restrained from carrying this threat into execution. Eventually the captain succeeded in pacifying them, after remonstrating with them on their mutinous conduct. A court of inquiry has been ordered.

At the adjourned inquest on the body of Mrs. Jenoska, who died from injuries sustained by a fall out of a window in Bloomsbury-street, a letter from the Home Office was read, stating that the two men in custody on suspicion of having caused the death could not legally be brought before the coroner's jury for examination, as had been proposed at a previous stage of the inquiry. Further evidence having been taken tending to show that the deceased woman lived under apprehensions as to her personal safety, and that the fatal injuries had been occasioned simply by her fall, the jury returned a verdict that the woman had "died from the effects of a fall from a window, but how the fall was occasioned there was no evidence to show." Consequently, the magistrate at Bow-street was under the necessity of dismissing the two men in custody, one of them the husband of the deceased, with the remark, however, that they would be liable to re-arrest if any fresh evidence against them should transpire.

On Thursday evening an extraordinary incident happened at Charlestown, Cornwall. The vicar and a number of the leading parishioners held a tea-meeting, followed by other entertainments, in the Volunteer Drill Hall. The company was in the act of singing the National Anthem, when suddenly half the floor gave way, and about sixty persons were precipitated into the cellars—a depth of sixteen feet. Lights being extinguished, the screams and groans caused as much alarm to those above as to the fallen. Happily the cellars were used for the storage of China clay, which proved a soft resting-place. While the darkness lasted the principal anxiety was lest those below should be suffocated, and in the meantime the remainder of the audience was unable to descend to their relief, the staircase end of the building having fallen; and they were, moreover, in a state of fear lest their part of the floor should also give way. At last the vicar, who was one of those in the cellar, struggled out, and by strenuous exertions he and others got together planks, by means of which one by one the sufferers were hauled up from the cellars. It was then found that none had sustained worse injury than a broken limb, severe contusions, or shakings.

A singular freak has been committed by a young curate, who one day last week was to have been married to the daughter of a county magistrate in Staffordshire, a member of the congregation in which the curate ministered. On the previous night he made his customary visit at the young lady's house, where the presents were laid out in the drawing-room, and several friends had arrived to take part in the ceremony on the morrow. The villagers had decorated the church and festooned the streets. The bride put on some of her wedding costume to show her suitor, who remarked, "What should you say if I should run away, and not come to-morrow?" The young lady laughed away the suggestion as the height of improbability. In the morning, when the bride and her friends were about to enter the carriages, a note from the curate was put into her hand. She read it and immediately fainted. Her suitor had written that he "felt he was unworthy of her, and therefore could not become her husband." It turned out that within an hour after leaving his bride expectant on the previous night the curate had left for the North by the Scotch mail.

On Sunday morning a shocking accident befel a youth, 16 years of age, named Edward Emmerson, near Hexham. It appears that about half-past ten he, together with his companion, another youth about the same age, named Anthony Cowens, son of Mr. Anthony Cowens, platelayer, employed by the North-Eastern Railway Company, took a stroll to Kingshaw-green, about a mile west of Hexham, to some property occupied by Mr. Hunter, gardener. When they arrived there they found that gentleman dressing his pony, which he had tied to the railings, but as it did not stand very quietly Emmerson was asked to take hold of it, whereupon he complied with the request. Cowens was standing inside the stable and storehouse, behind the door of which was a gun in a rather rusty condition, kept for the purpose of shooting rats, and without uttering a word he took it up and aimed at his companion. The contents of the gun were discharged into the brow of the unfortunate youth, completely smashing in one of his eyes, and besmearing one of his arms with his brains. Medical aid was at once sent for, but it was of no avail, as the youth died instantaneously. The lad Cowens, who is now in custody, informed the police that he took aim at him, thinking there was nothing in the gun.

The strike of miners and colliers in South Wales is now at its height. The field of action embraces an immense district, traceable from Blaenavon to works in Pembrokeshire; and although the number of masters may seem insignificant, being about a dozen, the disputants on the other side number 70,000, including colliers and ironworkers, exclusive of the wives and children. On Saturday evening the leading works paid off their last account. At Dowlais, Cyfarthfa, and Plymouth the men were settled with up to date. In every instance the cottage holders under the respective companies were obliged to include in their last account the rent of the houses for the forthcoming month, the works, doctor, and schools account being also deducted. At Cyfarthfa works the number of persons paid off was somewhere about 4,700. Those of course embrace the whole of the hands employed on the establishment. The Dowlais works also paid off on Saturday evening. Here no less than 11,000 men were employed, and £10,000 per week paid in wages. The Dowlais Company in full fire keep sixteen furnaces in blast, while in Cyfarthfa they have nine in blast. On the other side of the parish the Plymouth Iron Company's works wear a lifeless appearance. inasmuch as the men employed there are included in the strike category. These works form a branch of the concern under the direction of Mr. Fothergill, M.P., and about 5,000 men are usually employed there. The existing state of affairs formed a subject of comment on Sunday in the chapels. The preachers fervently invoked Divine aid to avert dissension and strife, to which the congregation equally responded.

Since the apprehension of the Rev. Vyvyan H. Moyle, vicar of Eston, on a charge of forging share certificates representing £22,000, the fears then entertained that further inquiries would reveal a series of systematic frauds have been realized. In addition to the manufacture of spurious shares of Jackson, Gill, and Co., finished iron-makers, Middlesborough, it has been found that forgeries have been committed on other local joint-stock companies with which the prisoner is officially connected. He is a director of Jackson, Gill, and Company, a large shareholder in the South Durham Iron Company, and a director of the projected Tees Dock Company, in all of which undertakings he invested, and promised to invest large sums of money. He is a descendant of an old Cornish family settled for generations at Penzance. His father, Dr. Moyle, was Mayor of that town, and married an Irish heiress. It has been always understood that he was a man of wealth, and recently a report has been circulated which materially strengthened that belief. It was stated that a legacy of many thousands of pounds had been left to his wife, and that he contemplated establishing a residence in London, and leaving a curate in charge of the Eston parish. Within the past few days bail has been offered and refused, and during the whole of the week the most strenuous efforts have been made to compromise the matter. It is rumoured that amongst those who are interesting themselves on behalf of the prisoner are some of the highest dignitaries of the Church, but notwithstanding the action which is being taken a determination exists that the ends of justice shall not be defeated.

An inquest has been held at the York County Hospital by Mr. J. P. Wood, coroner, respecting the death of a boy eleven years of age, named James Yule, the son of Thomas Yule, of Chicory-yard, Layerthorpe, comb-maker. On the 10th of November last the deceased was playing with a cat in the yard, and he took it into the house. The animal then bit the boy severely on the thumb of the right hand, and blood flowed. The mother, in the first place, poulticed the wound, and then applied a plaster. On the Monday following the boy was taken to the County Hospital, and on two or three subsequent days, when the wound on the thumb healed, and all appeared to be right again. Mr. Hodges, the house surgeon, considered that there was no reason to suspect, from the statement made to him, that the cat was infected with disease. All went on well until Saturday night last, when the boy complained of pain in the right arm, and on Sunday he also experienced peculiar pain in the head. His father took him to the hospital on Sunday afternoon, and at that time he was in a high state of fever, and exhibited great terror. He was placed in a private ward, and a nurse attended exclusively to him. The deceased remained in much the same state until twelve o'clock on Monday, when delirium commenced. At five o'clock on Tuesday evening he had a violent fit of convulsions, followed by others of the same character, and he died in one of these fits at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning. Mr. Hodges, in conjunction with Dr. Shann, who had also attended the deceased, made a post-mortem examination of the body, and they found internal congestion of the brain, lungs, and kidneys, coupled with the symptoms observed during life. The post-mortem appearance showed that the boy had died of hydrophobia, arising from the bite of a cat. The jury returned a verdict to that effect.

## BY STORM AND TEMPEST.

The storm in the Channel, which commenced last Friday, raged nearly the whole of Saturday. Seldom have the steamers in the Continental mail service had to contend with a more violent sea than that experienced in crossing the Channel that day by the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's packet *Wave*, and *La Perle*, with the French day mails. Shortly after daybreak on Sunday the gale, which at intervals had increased almost to a hurricane in the Channel throughout the night, seemed to have expended its fury.

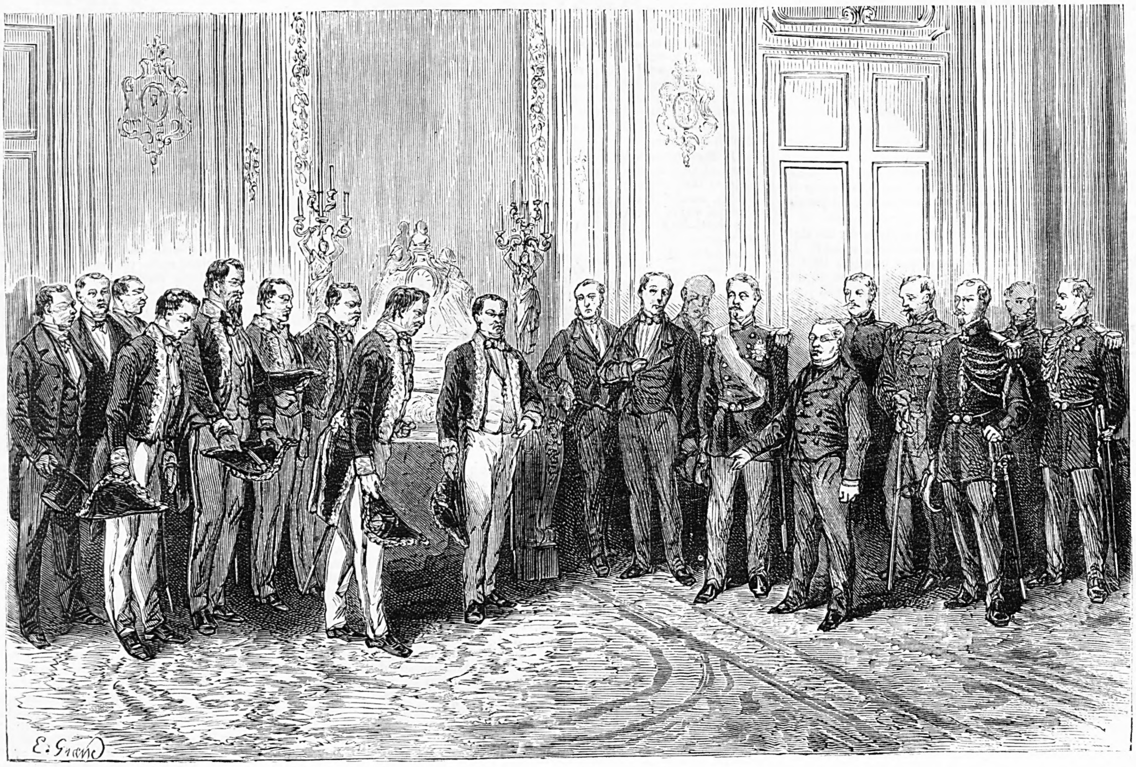
Information was received in Berwick-on-Tweed on Tuesday afternoon that the *Pladda*, of Dundee, passenger steamer plying between London and Dundee, had sunk off Holy Island harbour, on the Northumberland coast, She struck at three o'clock in the morning on Goldston Sands, and received great damage. One seaman and seven passengers reached North Sunderland in a small boat, and reported that shortly after clearing the steamer she went out of sight. A subsequent telegram from Holy Island states that she went down outside the harbour. No definite intelligence has been received respecting the loss of life.

The thunderstorm which broke over Nottingham on Friday afternoon proved to be more disastrous than was at first supposed. Two houses in Royal-terrace, Queen's-walk, tenanted by Mr. Hudston and by Mr. Martin, architect and civil engineer, were seriously damaged. The electric current struck a stack of chimneys, which it almost entirely demolished, and passed thence to the ground floor, tearing away the firegrates of the third story bedrooms and parlours in both houses. At Mr. Martin's the lightning broke through a skylight in the kitchen, leaving, above the bell-range, a black mark upon the wall. It then traversed the bell-wires, completely fusing the metal. In the cellar there were also indications of the passage of the electric fluid which were to be seen upon the walls, a number of bottles being broken and plaster scattered about. One of Mr. Martin's servants was sitting in an upper room when the roof was forced in, but beyond the alarm caused by the falling rubbish no injury was sustained. Mrs. Hudston was sitting before the parlour fire when the grate was torn away, but happily she escaped unhurt. A man was struck by the lightning at an adjacent factory, as was also a woman at a dwelling-house in the neighbourhood, but neither of them was very much hurt. A waggon was struck on the Midland Railway, and in the southern part of the town a man was knocked out of a cart.

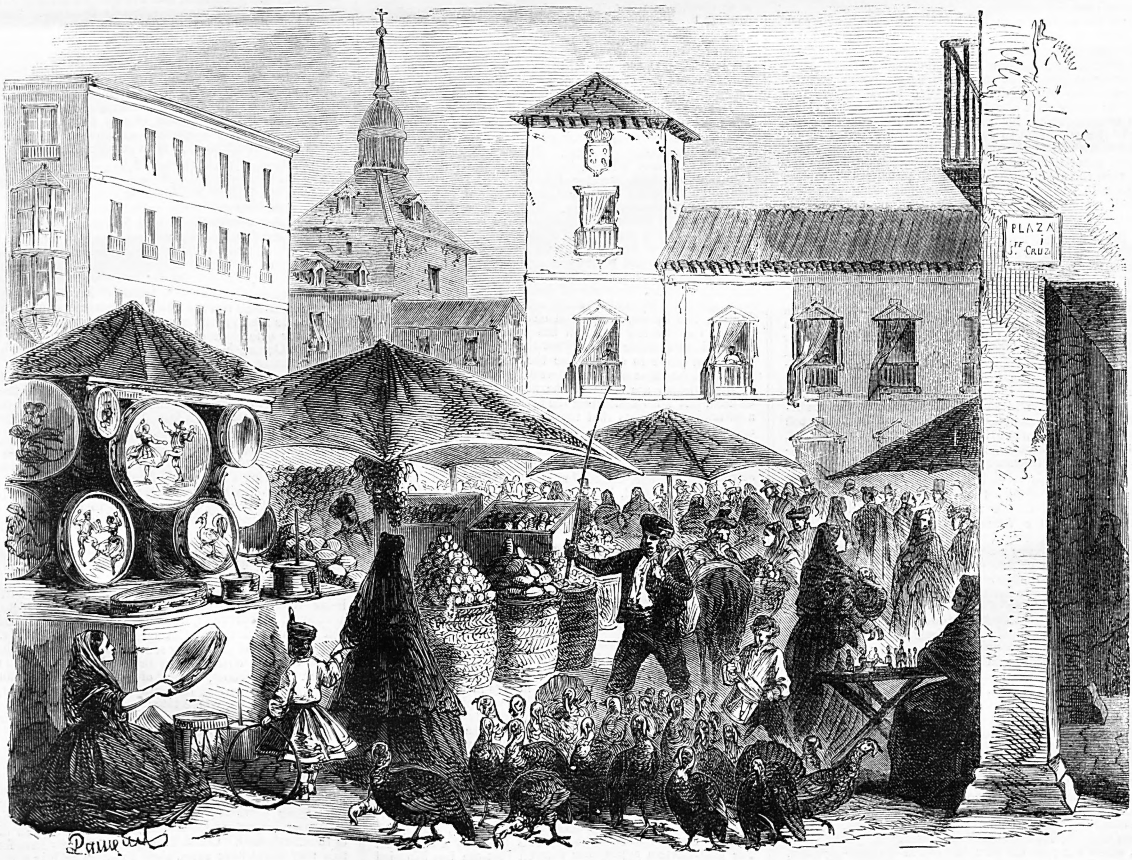
Early in the week the town and environs of Derby were visited by a thunderstorm of great violence, a somewhat remarkable and unusual occurrence at this time of the year. From an early hour vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the heavens, and rain began to fall heavily between eight and nine o'clock, the wind also blowing fitfully and fiercely. Soon after nine o'clock a slight abatement took place, but a little before ten o'clock almost midnight darkness set in overhead, forked lightning darted hither and thither, and the thunder rolled loudly and continuously, shaking buildings to their foundations, and causing the greatest alarm and consternation on all sides. Many eye-witnesses assert that they beheld a ball of fire fall from the clouds. Telegraph wires were rent asunder, trees were split, and a farmer on his way to market had his horse and gig considerably damaged. After this storm had cleared away, the day up to about three o'clock in the afternoon became beautifully fine, but at that hour another storm of almost greater violence broke over the same district, accompanied by lightning, thunder, hail, rain, snow, and wind. Being market day the open stalls were upset and their contents scattered in all directions, to the consternation and dismay of their owners and to the amusement of the youngsters. This storm was closely followed by brilliant sunshine, producing a splendid rainbow in the sky. Altogether the phenomena were most remarkable.

The schooner *Annie*, Captain J. Burrows, belonging to the firm of De Gruchy, Renouf, Clement, and Co., merchants, left Jersey on the 12th of November last for Newfoundland. In five days she accomplished nearly one-third of the passage; but from that time to the 20th of December she experienced a succession of heavy gales with mountainous seas, and having lost nearly all her sails, besides receiving other damage, and the men completely exhausted, the vessel being then in 49.30 W. long., the captain was forced to bear up for Jersey, and arrived at Albert Pier on Thursday morning in a disabled condition, having run the whole time since bearing up for that port before a heavy westerly gale. The captain states that he has never before experienced such fearful weather in the Western Ocean; he has not seen any disabled ships, but has passed nearly every day a quantity of wreckage, also deals, spars, &c. During the voyage the captain, mate, and steward were left to navigate the vessel, the remainder of the crew being unable to work. One man was washed against the side of the ship and received a fearful cut on the forehead.

Another disastrous wreck has occurred on the south-western coast of the Isle of Wight, involving the loss of all hands. On Saturday afternoon a brig of about 300 tons was observed, during a heavy gale from the south-west, to be endeavouring to weather the dangerous reef of rocks known as "Rocken-end Race," which runs out to sea from the south-eastern extremity of Chale Bay. Failing in this attempt, and finding that the brig was already among the breakers, the crew, apparently nine in number, took to the long boat, and, with a signal of distress hoisted, pulled about the bay, in hopes, no doubt, of finding some place which might afford them a bare chance to effect a landing through the heavy surf or of being rescued from the shore. At about four o'clock the abandoned ship drove in, beam on, to the beach, just under the cliff at Sandrock Spring Cottage, the residence of Mr. A. F. Livesay, who had previously sent his servant on horseback to inform those in charge of the Brooke Lifeboat Station of the danger. The lifeboat, instead of being immediately launched at Brooke, was carried on a waggon along the military road towards Chale Bay, where there is no way by which it can be got down the cliff. In the meantime the poor fellows in their boat, doubtless anxiously expecting relief, were watched with intense interest by hundreds of persons on the cliff, who were powerless to assist them, until darkness set in. Nothing more was seen of them; but they must have been swamped soon afterwards, for in the evening the side of the boat and three bodies came on shore. The brig did not go to pieces for some time, being previously boarded by Commander Waddington, R.N., the Inspecting Commander of St. Catherine's division of the Coastguard. Could the unfortunate crew have foreseen this they might have saved their lives. The brig was ascertained to be the *Valid*, of Ardrossan, laden with cocoa, spice, logwood, and whalebone.



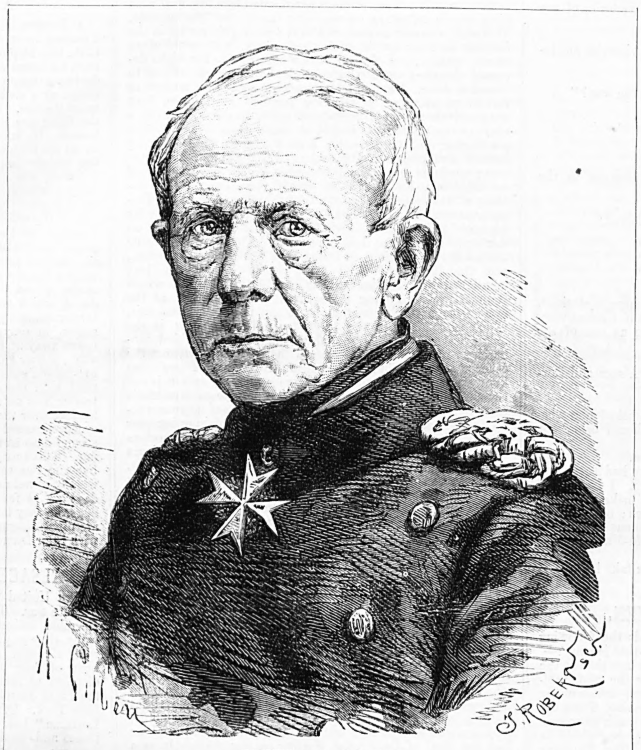
THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.——Their Official Reception by Monsieur Thiers at the Elysee.



CHRISTMASTIDE IN SPAIN.——Sketch of the Plaza Santa Cruz at Madrid.

# MEN I HAVE INTERVIEWED.

## No. I.—Count Von Moltke.


J. ROBERTS SC.

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

ONE of the easiest men to interview I ever met was General Von Moltke, though there was very little to be got out of him. Bismarck will talk to you by the hour, and explain his policy as he goes on. "I give ten minutes to a crowned head," he said to me one day at Versailles, "five minutes to an ambassador, three minutes to a minister-plenipotentiary, one minute to a first secretary, and to a man like you as long as he pleases." Moltke, however, has a curious way of looking at you as though he were adding you up, listening to you as though he expected you to say something very foolish, and then, when you give him an opportunity of speaking, answering in monosyllables, or not answering at all. I don't think he means it rudely; but whatever may be his motive his manner is decidedly strange. My first interview with the great strategist was at Gravelotte; but this was an interview in the ordinary not the technical sense of the word. I saw him and he saw me; but we didn't speak. He seemed so much occupied, and the King was talking to him, and the soldiers of the bodyguard (though I showed my pass) wouldn't let me get near him; so that to enter into conversation with the Chief of the General Staff just then was really out of the question. There were noises, too, in the air, which were not quite favourable to what my friend Gortschakoff (the diplomatist, not the general) used to call "an interchange of ideas." Certain cream-coloured "bubbles from the cannon's mouth" were bursting from time to time in our vicinity. One of these came hissing, shrieking, yelling towards us, like an express train driven by the devil, and I thought as it exploded with an infernal bang just above my head that instead of riding my charger I should have done better that day to take the hack which I had left with my carriage horses at Pont-à-Mousson. Some men in presence of a bursting shell throw themselves on the ground; but you can scarcely do that when you are on horseback. Others bob their heads. I simply look at it.

Down came the shower of projectiles right among the escort, composed of hussars, dragoons, lancers, cuirassiers, of each a pair, like the animals in Noah's Ark.

"How many killed and wounded?" I called out to the Chief of the Intelligence Department, who was making a note of the incident.

"Two horses, and your left spur," he replied. Colonel Von Verdy has an eye for everything, and he had already seen that the spur of my left boot had been taken off by a fragment of the shell.

"You were very nearly *shooted* then," said Bismarck, riding up to me with a laugh.

"Do not think of me," I replied; "think of His Majesty, the King."

I had seen it coming, and at that moment a terrific crash was heard close to the brilliant assemblage of Princes, Generals, and Staff Officers, among whom King William was to be seen, with Moltke on one side and General Von Roon on the other.

"Roon, my dear Roon," I cried out, "is it safe, is it prudent, is it right, (emphatically) is it *loyal* to leave His Majesty exposed to so much danger?"

The Minister of War had already half anticipated me. He seized the bridle of the King's horse, and, in spite of his Majesty's protests, fairly dragged him from the field. At about three hundred yards' distance, on the high road, was a long line of carriages. We tried in vain to prevail upon his Majesty to enter his barouche and allow himself to be driven to Pont-à-Mousson, where his Majesty's headquarters were then established. My counsels would, I think, have influenced him at last; but General Von Roon made signs to me to desist. He fancied, I believe, that I wished to interview the King; and I certainly should have felt it my duty to do so had the opportunity been more favourable than it actually was. Roon, however, prevailed upon him to dismount, and ordered the two cavalry men of the escort (who had been effectively dismounted by the first of our two shells) to arrange a seat for him on the ground. This was soon done by means of trunks and branches of smashed up trees. I produced from my pocket a flask of wine, and as William was drinking the toast, "May God in His mercy dishearten the foe," up rode Moltke, exclaiming that the crisis was over, the French position turned, and the battle won. At that solemn moment, when all hearts were full, I thought I might endeavour, not without hope of success, to insinuate myself into the confidence of the great strategist. I began by complimenting him on his victory. "The Prussian troops," I said, "are the finest in the world, and fortunately there are a great many of them."

He looked coldly at me, but said nothing.

"Your plan," I continued, "was irresistible. How delighted I should be if you would oblige me with its chief features!"

He remained unmoved.

"The guards did the trick at last," I suggested, but again without effect.

At last, adopting the interrogative form, said to him point blank, "Shall you be at Pont-à-Mousson to-morrow morning?"

"Apparently" (*wahrscheinlich*), was his only reply.

The whole of the staff, with the German Princes, the Russian military commissioner, and the American and other distinguished visitors attached to head-quarters now came towards us. I congratulated the chiefs all round; Roon on his organization, through which success had been rendered possible; Bismarck on his diplomacy, which had united the German States and left France without an ally; and Moltke, "the great Moltke," I called him—"whose strategical roads lead always to victory." I thought I had said the correct thing to each, and they certainly, all three, seemed pleased—Moltke less so perhaps than the two others. They smiled; but he only took snuff.

I rode a tired horse that night back to Pont-à-Mousson, cursing, as I cantered along, the French artillery, which had deprived me of a spur. My groom, under pretence of keeping up his courage, had got drunk; and when I reached the Hôtel de France, I had to do stable duty for myself, the lively servant of the inn chaffing me all the time, and telling me that the ostlers and all the men had gone out to fight.

The next morning I paid my promised visit to Moltke; for I had promised it to myself if not to him. From the unaccountably formal manner in which he had treated me the evening before, I did not feel at all sure that he would receive me. But I presented myself at the temporary office of the General Staff, established in one of the principal public buildings of the town, sent in my card, and was at once asked to walk upstairs. I met Podliebelski, the Quarter-Master-General, and General Stosch, chief of the Commissariat Department, on the staircase.

"Which of you fellows is going to present me?" I asked. "Come, Stosch! come, Podliebelski!"

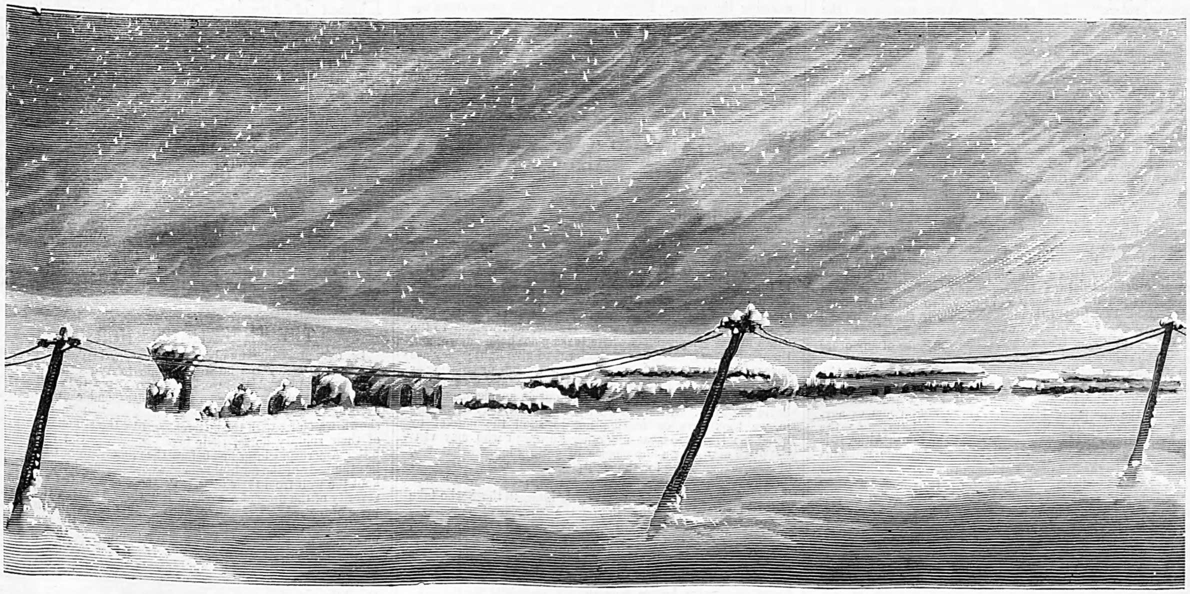
But they both said it was unnecessary; so I walked in without being introduced, and without even being announced. The great strategist looked at me, but said nothing.

"I have long desired the honour of making your excellency's acquaintance," I began. "I am So-and-So, and represent such-and-such a journal."

Moltke bowed. At this moment one of the officers of his staff entered the room and took a seat. He was followed by an orderly officer, who, approaching Moltke, handed him a letter, saying, as he saluted him: "From General Alvansleben."

"What is the name of that officer who cannot deliver a letter *without chattering?*" asked the great strategist, as the aide-de-camp left the room; and he was again silent.

I said to General Moltke, as soon as I saw that he had finished reading his despatch, that Gravelotte would, in all



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—A PASSENGER TRAIN IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

likelihood, prove one of the most important victories of the campaign?

He nodded assent.

"Greater," I added, "than all the previous victories put together?"

Another nod.

"But not so important as to put an end to the war?"

The General shook his head.

"Did the French fight well?" I inquired.

He made an affirmative gesture.

"But not so well as the Prussians?"

A gesture in the negative.

"The Prussians were nearly twice as numerous as the French?"

A nod.

"But the French had a much stronger position?"

Another nod.

"Was he going to attack Bazaine again?"

A shake of the head.

"Did he mean to follow him inside Metz?"

Another shake.

"Supposing the Prussians to be everywhere victorious, would he consider it impertinent on my part if I asked whether they would claim Alsace and Lorraine as one of the conditions of peace?"

A nod.

"Would he, all the same, tell me whether Alsace and Lorraine would be claimed or not?"

A shake.

Annoyed at the General's reticence, I now asked him whether it would be agreeable to him that I should bring our interview to a conclusion?

He nodded in the affirmative, and I left him.

I have tried to interview Thiers, and have had to put up with his factotum, Barthélemy de St. Hilaire. I have tried to interview Adelina Patti, and have had to make the best I could of her brother-in-law Maurice Strakosch; but the only person I ever succeeded in interviewing without succeeding in making him speak is General, now Field-Marshal, Von Moltke.

I doubt whether he is the great man people take him for.

## THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* sends the following account of the Temple of Heaven at Pekin to that journal:—

As the young Emperor will officiate for the first time at the Temple of Heaven on the 21st December, or the winter solstice, it may be of interest to many to have some notion of the place, as well as of the ceremonies on the occasion. There are two altars at the Temple of Heaven. At the south altar only the great yearly solstitial ceremony takes place, which is penitential and sacrificial in its character. The Emperor comes to the place the night before, drawn in a carriage by elephants, which are kept for this ceremony, and spends the night in the "Hall of Penitential Fasting," the name indicating the character of this part of the ceremony. Before dawn the next morning he passes over to the great south altar, where a bullock is sacrificed—the Emperor used, in former days, to kill the animal himself. This is burnt whole, in a furnace, and pieces of silk as offerings are also burnt in smaller furnaces at the same place. Eating and drinking figure largely in all Chinese ceremonies, and they are not wanting at this. The Emperor has to eat "the Flesh of Happiness" as one part of the performance. At the Temple of Heaven the Emperor worships Shang-ti—the name under which the Supreme Lord of Heaven is acknowledged by the Chinese; he then worships at the tablets of his ancestors, the former Emperors of the present dynasty. There are now eight of them, and their altars are placed on each side and in front of the altar to the Lord of Heaven. Shang-ti is the name which the missionaries have adopted to render the word God; this is on account of its being the highest name for the Supreme Being in the Chinese language; and it will be seen from the above that the High Lord of Heaven only ranks above a dead Emperor. This is not done out of any disrespect or irreverence; it is done to give a sacred importance to the Monarch. The assumption is that the Emperor of China and the Deity manage the affairs of the universe. In commercial slang the firm might be called "Shang-ti and Hwang-ti, supreme rulers." The second of these names is the title used now by the Emperor, and the "ti" forms the assumption on his part. Shang-ti rules the regions above, and Hwang-ti rules the world below. China, the "Celestial," or "Middle Kingdom," as it is called by the Chinese themselves, forms the principal portion of this nether world. There are some other nations besides, such as the Coreans, the Cochin-Chinese, the Formosians, and the various tribes represented by the Princes of Mongolia. All these are known as "Tribute Bearers" to Hwang-ti, the tribute being payment for such ruling as is done for them. Beyond these known nations there exists on the extreme edge of the world, on the fringe of the earth which borders on nowhere, some outer barbarians, who don't pay tribute, and don't deserve any ruling. Such is a rough notion of the business, as it is supposed to be carried on by this Celestial firm. I understand that the term "ti" was assumed by a former Emperor not so very long ago, and that it has been always objected to by the learned who are conversant with such matters in China. It is a title due only to God as the Highest. The title before this was Hwang-Shang, and when some of these barbarian nations come and pretend to have Emperors, and demand that that title must be given to them in official documents, they get this old cast-off title, and "Hwang-ti" is reserved for Shang-ti's partner. The existence of any other firm in the ruling line cannot be admitted.

With the exception of putting dead Emperors into the company of the Deity, and the living Emperor into such active partnership with him, there would be nothing to object to about the Temple of Heaven. There are no images anywhere to suggest the slightest ideas of idolatry. As the great solstitial ceremony takes place at the South Altar, it is described as the most important of all Chinese religious structures. To the eye of a European there is nothing about it to suggest its ecclesiastical character. It is more like one of the fanciful creations of gardener-artists, reminding you of the gardens at Versailles or the Crystal Palace. The circular space on the top looks as if intended for a band to play on. It is somewhat larger than one of the fountains in Trafalgar-square, with a pavement and balustrade of white marble. It stands on two other platforms, all formed of the same material, forming three terraces, each terrace being ascended by a flight of nine steps, or twenty-seven in all, from the ground to the top of the altar. There are four ascents, one from each of the cardinal points. The whole is surrounded by a low wall with open marble gateways on each side, facing the four ascents. This wall is square in plan, and in the south-east corner is the furnace or altar for burning the bullock, with eight other altars, smaller, and of iron, where offerings to the eight deceased ancestors are also burned—the bullock being offered to Shang-ti alone. The defunct Emperors being thus treated as retired members, or as sleeping partners in the firm, they seem as if they had still an interest in the business, and get a share of the profits. It is just at dawn when these furnaces are blazing, and the Emperor is on the upper circle offering incense and prayer to the tablets of Shang-ti and his ancestors; music is heard, and dancing—a very ancient form of worship—is going on in some part of the place. All the nobility of the court are on the terrace steps behind the Emperor-priest. The grey light of the morning may be so far advanced as to make it all visible; but the principal light on this scene will be the light of sacrifice. There are said to be three different religions in China—the Tauist, the Confucian, and the Buddhist. The three forms of religion just mentioned are not ignored by the State, but this which is practised at Peking is the real State religion; at the same time no State religion bears any resemblance to this, which is confined to the capital, and the Emperor is the only priest. It is an Imperial worship, with a deified monarch as its head. I managed, with a party of visitors the other morning, to find my way into this temple. There is no known prohibition against strangers going in, only it is not the custom for people to do so, and there are no recognised arrangements for admittance. The chances of anyone succeeding to get in will depend on their power of jumping over high walls, making a rush at a door, and forcing themselves inside. These, combined with the magic influence of pieces of silver called "Dollars," which are in use hereabouts, generally accomplish the object. The temple is in the south part of the Chinese town, and the ground enclosed by its outer wall is about a mile square. Our party got over the first wall, where the wind had gathered the sand and dust into an inclined plane up to its top. We had only to jump down the other side, and found ourselves in an extensive park, with avenues of trees. No one was to be seen, so we walked to what seemed the second wall, and made for the nearest door, but found it all too firm for us, and the dollar influence could not be tested from the absence of anyone to try it upon. We then turned to the left, and walked cautiously towards another gateway—there was a house close to it, and we could see two men at the door. We approached stealthily, and at last by a run we were masters of the position. The two men made an effort to stop us, but were too late. Putting us out again did not seem to enter their heads; on the contrary, some slight allusion to a dollar caused one of them to come as our guide, for there was still a third wall. Within the second wall we had the Hall of Penitential Fasting on our right. It is a large square of buildings, with moat, bridges and walls all round it. Our guide led to the left through the park, and then through a thick wood of old cypress, which seemed to surround the whole of the temple and extended as far as the south altar. Like the temples of old, it is literally in a grove. We were seeking for a large temple, and could not see it, so completely was it hid by this dark, dense wood of aged trees. The natural effect of this was lost on our party, who were trying to see where the gate could be found, and to take advantage of it should it be open. At last I saw the head of our column make a rush; I followed, and found myself within the third wall, and the Temple of Heaven stood before me. This was the north altar, and we lost no time, for there was yet the chance, and a chance not to be lost, of seeing the inside; so, another rush soon took us up the three flights of steps, across the top of the terrace, and, to our great satisfaction, the floor was open. Our sudden appearance seemed to have taken everyone by surprise. A man of pigtail nationality soon made his appearance, and began scolding very loudly, not only at us, but at the other pig-tailed individuals around. He said that they would be all beaten, and asked how we got in—"Who opened the door?" "How could they tell?" was the answer. They stated that it was closed, and we must have opened it during the night. The man who came with us from the other door said nothing, for he was held under the magic spell of backsheesh. The potency of this spell began to work upon them all except our scolding friend, who took to shutting the doors. Before he did so, I had noted down the main features of the interior. Although standing on such an elaborate superstructure of marble, the building, like almost all buildings hereabouts, is of wood. Four very high round pillars support the central and highest roof, which is nearly all gilt on the inside. Twelve smaller columns sustain the second roof, which reaches only from the four inside pillars, thus leaving visible from within the whole height of the highest roof. Twelve still smaller wooden columns from the outer circle and support the lowest roof, which, like the second, only roofs the space between the pillars which sustain it and the circle of pillars next to them. All this woodwork is elaborately painted and gilt. The tiles on the roofs are all of a deep ultramarine blue. The altar to God is on the north, and the altars to the eight deceased Emperors are on the east and west. It seemed all very dirty and dusty. On the outside grass and weeds were growing thick through the joints in the pavement. We saw a good many workmen about, putting everything in order for the ceremony which is to take place. We were taken to the house where the bullock is killed; it is to the east of the temple; and through the cypress grove we were led to houses where the various articles used at the ceremonies are kept. We got on the great paved way which connects the two altars near its middle, and walked to the south altar. The ceremony here takes place before dawn, and there are three great poles for lanterns to give light; they are covered with an intricate scaffolding for repairs, or painting or renewing them in some way; but the men are waiting till some "Heaven Interrogator' finds out an auspicious day to begin the work. Although we had been so lucky in getting in, we took care on leaving not to spoil the market by being too lavish, so that any other European who may visit the place may have a fair chance of getting in, and that, too, at a fair expenditure for the sight.

The following story will probably interest those who take pleasure in anecdotes bearing on the sagacity of animals:—Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the well-known restaurateurs, recently stored large quantities of spirits at the high-level station of the Crystal Palace, but the rats, thinking it was water, knawed through the zinc pipes, which Messrs. Spiers and Pond have since found necessary to enclose in iron. On board ship water has to be provided especially for the rats, which would otherwise knaw through the tanks.

## A TENACIOUS TERRIER.

A Series of sensational incidents have happened in the Pytchley hunt during the last fortnight. General Mayow, C.B., late Deputy Quartermaster-General in Dublin, fell dead from his horse while riding across a grass field near Misterton, during a run on Wednesday. The cause of death was ascertained by a medical man, who was shortly on the spot, to be heart disease. General Mayow, who was one of the heroes of the Balaklava charge, was a brave soldier, and a bold rider to hounds. He was very much respected in the hunting field and by all his friends and brother officers. On Saturday, Dec. 28, the hounds ran their fox dead beat down to the village of Marston, when he took refuge in the churchyard, and as a funeral was at the time going on the hounds were at once withdrawn. Curiously enough, the funeral turned out to be that of the old earth-stopper. After it was over the hounds returned to the spot, and searched the ruins of some old empty houses in vain, without finding their fox. The remaining incident occurred on Tuesday week, near Sanders' Gorse, when a fox ran into a drain, was dug out, and killed; and just as the second whip was about to mount his horse (to the saddle of which the head of the fox had been attached) a fox terrier made a jump at the hanging head and clung to it, as shown in our engraving. This frightened the horse, who broke away at full speed over a 50-acre grass field with the white terrier hanging at his side. The horse jumped a heavy five-barred gate at the bottom of the field into the turnpike road, with the dog still clinging to the fox's head; and the terrier was only dislodged by the sudden jerk of the horse landing over the gate into the road, down which he went at full speed, pursued by the dog (who evidently meant to make a second dash at the head), until stopped at the railway crossing. This terrier would no doubt equally cling to the leg of a live guest as to the head of a dead fox, and the incident is worthy of note as showing that only weak-minded and foolish dogs are fit for admission to family circles. Strong-minded dogs, be they large or small, however faithful to their owners, are often dangerous nuisances to those who are not honoured with their friendship.

## ALSACE-LORRAINE IN NEW YORK.

The United States shares with France one of the effects of her late war. The occupants of the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, seeing that by the cession of their territory to Germany they would become virtually German citizens, inaugurated a social revolution, during which thousands left the home of their birth, and sought a refuge either in the quieter districts of their own country or the United States. Since the 1st of January, 1872, between 6,000 and 7,000 have reached New York. Of nearly all these this little "Société Alsacienne-Lorraine" has taken care. Numbers have been procured places and situations of all kinds, as painters, glaziers, hairdressers, basket makers, milliners, seamstresses, and household servants. They appeared independent and hopeful, desiring only the opportunity of securing a livelihood. They were personally unable to accept the conditions of peace. They sought in free America the bread and protection they could not conscientiously receive at the hands of their conquerors.

In conversation, they expressed the opinion that it was utterly impossible for the French to become friendly with the invaders. The attachments of a generation were destroyed. The friendships, the interests, the patriotic contentment were all blotted out by the results of the war. There was but one choice: either become Germans by fealty, or leave the Provinces. The latter was most compatible with liberty.

These people formed as a class the peasantry. Here and there were faces delineating the evidence of superior intellectual advantages. There was, too, a sprinkling of German countenances, but the mass was unmistakably French, the working, revenue-producing French—the lower classes, which, while cognizant of few of the luxuries of life, were content to plod on in their quiet, unobtrusive way, having but one great idea—that of fidelity to *la belle France*.

Several of the emigrants were heroes and heroines of singular escapes from death and conscription. These exerted great influence over their companions, and when one's determination flagged a personal experience with the German bugbear would satisfy all of the rectitude of their present course.

The advance-guard of the large body of emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine, who are to settle in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, Virginia, have reached that city, and are now engaged in prospecting for favourable sites whereon to settle. Some time will be devoted by these immigrants to the inspection of the several tracts of land which are now in the market in that section of Virginia. They desire not less than 4,000 acres in a body, though they would prefer a much larger quantity, and will be governed by the price and location of the land. The colony now numbers about 200 families, and are skilled in arts, manufactures, and farming. They are all from that portion of France captured by the Prussians in the late war. Their purpose is to exclude all others from the colony but those who come with them for the term of five years, during which time no one of the company will be authorised to dispose of any portion of lands purchased and embraced within their survey. If they can be suited in Virginia on good terms, they say they can increase their colony to 2,000 families without any trouble. For several days the office of the Société Alsacienne-Lorraine, in Spring Street, was crowded with these voluntary exiles, seeking information about the lands upon which they are to colonize. Our engraving is from a sketch made on the spot on one of these occasions.

## THE "HACKMAN'S" HORSE.

In our preceding number we gave ample details of the ravages caused by the horse epidemic in America. The engraving we present this week with the above title will serve to bring its effects home to our readers, and cannot fail in exciting their sympathies. A poor "hackman," and his wife are shown watching with the bitterest sorrow the stiffened corpse of their solitary horse, their bread-winner. The long and bitter American winter lies before them, and before them also lies the body of the faithful animal whose labours have so often kept the wolf from their door. To those acquainted with the severity of the present season in the United States, the high price of fuel, shown plainly by the fact that in certain districts corn is being burned as cheaper than wood, and the fact that numerous firms discharge the greater number of their hands during the winter months, the sorrow and desolation expressed at this loss will not appear exaggerated.

Although the epidemic has in a great measure abated across the Atlantic, it is said to have made its appearance on our own shores, the Isle of Man being the spot designated.

## ABROAD.

From Japan the news is that an elective Parliament is to be established; 600 members are to be elected. Notices had been issued directing the natives not to shave the tops of their heads, but to let their hair grow in foreign fashion.

On Christmas Day Barnum's Circus and Museum in New York were entirely destroyed by fire, together with the old church of St. Lawrence. A large and valuable collection of wild beasts in the menagerie were roasted alive, but there was no loss of human life.

The light-fingered gentry seem to have done a swimming business in the crowds round the booths on the Paris boulevards. One of them, Mr. John Cool, who is quite a senior in the profession, has been caught in the act of filching a pocket-book containing 160*l*. The dexterous pickpocket is stated to hail from America.

A despatch from Athens of Friday's date says that the representatives of several great powers have recommended Greece to submit the question of the Laurium mines to arbitration. This proposal is said to have been accepted in principle, though not yet in a formal manner, by M. Deligeorgis, the President of the Council of Ministers.

A European assistant of Mr. Lyell, the chemist and druggist at Allahabad, is in custody for having caused the death of a native by sending per rail a box which on an accidental fall exploded on the platform, and did much damage to property and person. We should have thought that would have been a case merely for consequential damages.

An Irish deputation waited on the Pope on Sunday, presenting Peter's Pence, and an address bearing on the persecution of the Church in Germany and Italy. His Holiness thanked the deputation for this fresh mark of Irish attachment to the Holy See, and, referring to the troubles of the Church, said they must maintain her interests by "faith and persuasion."

Workmen will shortly be occupied in clearing away the ruins of the Tuileries, and the opportunity will be taken to search for any objects of art that may have escaped the flames and the Communists. The Pavillon Marsan, which is still in the state to which it was reduced by the fire in May, 1871, will be the first attacked. Hopes are entertained of finding several articles in metals which the insurgents had not time to carry off.

The new Constitution for France has been submitted to the Commission of Thirty by the Comte de Chambrun. It is a comprehensive and important document, proposing the election of the President for four years, with eligibility for re-election, the creation of an Upper House, the renewal of the Assembly by one-third every other year, and defining somewhat minutely the powers respectively of the President, the two Houses and the Council of State. It proposes to make the Chief of the Executive responsible to the Chambers, but it gives him with the consent of the Senate, the power of dissolution.

The inundation of the Seine, which has been the origin of so many disasters, has caused one that was scarcely expected. In penetrating into the sewers that run into the river, the waters have driven an enormous—the *Patrie* says an "innumerable"—multitude of rats towards the dwelling-houses on the quays and streets in the neighbourhood. During the whole of the past week the inhabitants of the houses have been ceaselessly occupied in rat hunts with terrier dogs, and in trapping and poisoning their unwelcome visitors. In one day 140 rats of an immense size were killed in the streets La Bucherie and Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre.

A few days past all Paris was astir, because a butcher had shot himself for a courtesan, and all the papers have been crammed day after day with bulletins and doctors' certificates respecting this Werther of the *demi-monde*. He is expected to die, and hundreds hang with interest on his fate. There are others, however, who make miserable jokes out of this suicide. Stalls are stationed near the Opera House on masquerade nights, where the revellers may procure those toy pistols which children may divert themselves by snapping. Thus armed, the reveller invites a lady to dance, and on her refusal he draws his pistol and snaps it at his heart,—*Puisque tu fais la Cora, je meurs pour toi.*" The joke has had great success hitherto, and will probably be played, whilst Duval is faltering forth his soul.

The only thing really new in Paris just now is the importation of Alpine rats as an article of food; they are pronounced to be equal to domestic rabbit and a shade better than cat. Thanks to the ingenuity of an Italian grocer, Paris has not suffered in its supply of "fresh fish" during the late inclement weather; that individual set up machinery to manufacture whiting, gudgeon, filets of sole, &c., out of the tails of salt cod. Horse-flesh is reviving in favour, and promises to solve the "rump-steak difficulty." During the last twelve months it has been calculated that upwards of forty-five Japanese Embassies have arrived in Paris. A correspondent says, "The Japanese are well liked, and already we call them the 'French of the East.'" Is this meant as a compliment to the French?

One of those strange superstitions which occasionally take possession of the native mind has just shown itself in Calcutta. The report goes that the goddesses of Cholera and Small-pox having quarrelled, it was agreed that the conqueror should establish her right to the possession of her victims by marking the earthen handies in the house with a red streak of *sindooer*. Which goddess was the victress we do not know; but it is quite certain that thousands of handies found with a red mark on them have been thrown away to get rid of the presence of the goddess, as anyone who took a walk in the native part of the town in the morning might have seen the municipal rubbish-carts having been filled with them. As there is no evil without a corresponding good, the makers and sellers of handies will reap a good harvest.

The peaceful citizens of Benares were startled in their beds on the morning of Nov. 27 by the sound of tom-toms and native drums. A certain house was surrounded by hundreds of people who where attempting to daub the entrance of the house with white, red, and yellow powder. The whole vicinity was in an uproar. What could it be that so excited the fellows? Only that the far-famed Hindoo Maharaj Jivinlaljee, of Bombay, had that day received his second infant wife within his portals. The girl, who is said to be very young, was the daughter of a Telungi Brahmin, but by her recent connection she has "of course" turned a goddess. The religious Kaishnavs will now greedily eat the remnant of her dinner or drink her Padoduk—that is, the water in which she may have washed her feet. It is a curious fact that the Maharaj and his wife speak entirely different languages, and consequently cannot speak to one another.

The *Gazette* of St. Petersburg publishes the details of a very curious affair which has been decided before the Tribunal of Kozolof in the Government of Tambof. A Madame Krouglikof owed a sum of money to a man named Kislof, who, one evening in August last, called at her house to see her, and on being told that she had retired to rest forced his way into her bed-chamber. The lady, indignant at this intrusion, took down a revolver from the wall and threatened to fire on him if he did not leave; the man rushed out in terror, leaving Madame Krouglikof, who had fainted away from excitement, insensible on the floor. The creditor then prosecuted her for menacing to take his life, and the justices of the peace condemned her to pay a fine of 50 francs. The lady appealed against that verdict, and her case was presented by her daughter, a young girl of 16, in virtue of full powers conferred upon her by her mother. Mdlle. Krouglikof pleaded with such effect that the Court quashed the former sentence, and condemned Kislof to two months' imprisonment for violation of domicile.

The report that M. de Corcelles has definitely accepted the French Embassy at the Vatican is confirmed from Paris, but at Rome it was supposed that he would decline it, in accordance with the wishes of the Pope himself. The *Opinione* states that at his first interview with his Holiness and Cardinal Antonelli the French Envoy stated with firmness, though with great courtesy, the position of France towards the Holy See. It was out of the question, he said, to think of the restoration of the Temporal Power, and France could make no reservations with regard to accomplished facts. France required peace and concord, which it was impossible to obtain by the policy of the Clerical party, which placed France in conflict with the whole of Europe, and would make her lose her legitimate influence. The *Opinione* adds that after these declarations the Vatican decided not to encourage M. de Corcelles to accept the embassy, especially as, at the same time, advice was received from the Clerical party in France, not to agree to his being appointed French Ambassador.

The Panthay Embassy, which so recently was seen in London, and for a few evenings attracted attention on the Calcutta Course, got bad news at Rangoon. Talifoo, the capital, with which the charming narrative of the French expedition made readers familiar, has fallen to the Chinese; and Momein, the second city which was reached by Major Sladen and Dr. Anderson in the Burmah Expedition, was not expected to hold out when the last news left. The fall of Talifoo occurred at the end of October on this wise:—The Panthays were induced, or pretended, to capitulate to their besiegers and appointed a conference at a certain gate. The Chinese, after advancing to the spot, speedily retreated, fearing treachery, when a mine exploded on the very spot. Unluckily the Panthays were hoisted with their own petard. The wall was breached by the explosion, the Chinese took the city, and the inner citadel alone remained to King Suliman. The Panthays gave the distracted country a far better Government than the Chinese, and really fostered trade. Once more the reign of anarchy and bloody reprisals has begun, and all hope of opening up the old route by Bhamo must now be postponed, doubtless to the satisfaction of his Majesty of Burmah.

An account of the arrest of Mr. Charles Bowles, head of the banking firm of Messrs. Bowles Brothers and Co., is given in the New York papers. The arrest took place at Springfield, Mass., at the civil suit of Mr. Huber, of that city, upon an affidavit made by him that he believed Mr. Charles Bowles was about to leave the state. Mr. Bowles gave bail to the effect that he would not leave the state. From a statement which he has published, it appears that he intended to go to Japan in the hope of restoring his health. On arriving at New York he made certain arrangements which it was believed would carry his house through its difficulties. He then proceeded to San Francisco, and on the way heard of the failure of his firm, and also the arrest of his brother. After resting at San Francisco for two days, he started eastward. Owing to his arrest, and the necessity he is under of remaining in Massachusetts, he will not now go to London, a course he had previously thought of adopting. He declares that he has no wish to avoid any proceedings, civil or criminal, that may be taken against him, and, although he does not deny the grave faults of his too extended business, he maintains his innocence of all criminal acts.

Amongst other curious trials which will soon be called on in France, is a demand for damages on the part of three widows. It appears that during the late war a German soldier was shot near the village of Vaux, and immediately a Prussian column swept down upon the place and seized twenty-eight peasants, who were shut up in the church, with orders to select three victims, who were to be shot in revenge for the death of the invader. The unfortunate men remained in the church for seventy-five hours, and then announced that the three victims had been selected by a majority. Upon what principle this vote was conducted is not mentioned. The Prussians wished the peasants to draw lots, and even offered a pickelhaube for the purpose of an urn, but this was naturally refused by the majority, and in the end the three unfortunate men who found themselves in a minority were led out and executed. The widows of the victims have demanded damages from the twenty-five survivors of this tragedy, on the ground that the three should have been selected by lot. We shall probably have to wait for the trial to learn the details of this gloomy affair, which ended in the death of three married men.

Sixty years ago considerable excitement was caused at Brattleboro, Vermont, in the United States, by a strange meteor which appeared one dark night, and after hovering in the sky for about twenty minutes, suddenly vanished with a loud explosion. Many persons considered the phenomenon to be a supernatural omen, and so mysterious and striking was the occurrence that it has never been forgotten in the district, and the story of this wonderful light in the heavens has been handed down from one generation to another as one of the most remarkable events of the present century. The mystery has at last been solved. An old gentleman has lately died at Brattleboro, and, according to a Vermont paper, on his death-bed he confessed that when a boy in 1811 he made a kite and attached a paper lantern to it, in which he put a candle, arranging the contrivance so that when the candle had burned out it would explode some powder in the bottom of the lantern. He kept the secret entirely to himself, and, choosing a dark night when nothing but the coloured lantern was visible, managed unobserved to get his kite into the air, thus producing the sensation which so profoundly affected the district. Having made this confession, without which he could not die comfortably, the old gentleman turned his face to the wall and expired in perfect peace.

One of the most horrid actions ever prompted by conjugal jealousy has lately been committed at Pera. A French journeyman cabinet-maker in Constantinople was married to a French girl, who worked in one of the military establishments of Pera, and bore a very good character. The husband was fanatically jealous of his wife, a passion for which, it is said, there was no real ground, and so unhappy did the couple become that they agreed to separate. After a short time, however, the husband persuaded his wife to return to him, and renewed misery was the consequence of her acquiescence. A little time ago this man called for his wife as she was leaving her work, and proposed a walk. Rambling about, he took her into a quiet Turkish quarter, and there, in a secluded spot, felled her to the ground, and with his stiletto knife stabbed out first one eye, then the other, and fled. Shortly afterwards a Turkish hamal passing by, hearing low moans, found the wretched woman lying bathed in blood, and obtaining assistance, conveyed her to the nearest pharmacy in Pera, whence, after receiving whatever attention was possible at the moment, she was taken to the French hospital. There she lies in a deplorable condition, from which, if she recovers at all, it will be merely to hopeless blindness for the rest of her life. The husband was soon afterwards arrested at Galata, and has since been sent to France in custody, to be tried for his inhuman deed.

Accounts from Algeria received in Paris state that the trial of the seventy-nine Arabs who, after the insurrection of 1871, took part in the pillage and massacre at Palestro, is watched with intense interest. Among the acts mentioned in the indictment were the murder of two Frenchmen, Demony and Patoux, who were accompanying a cart loaded with provisions; the plunder and burning of the village of Beni-Aicha; of the inn of Bellefontaine and of all the guard-houses as far as Alma; the murder of an old man, André Cardi who was shot from a ditch by an Arab in ambuscade, while retreating, with other colonists, before the insurgents; the pillage and burning of the farms of Foès-Saint-Antoine and Tremeaux. The inhabitants of these settlements only escaped with the greatest difficulty. One man, named Riffel, had to leap from a window; having gained a large waste covered with brushwood, he was hunted with dogs, and was forced from time to time to conceal himself by standing in ponds, with water up to his chin. After three days of fearful suffering he reached a place of safety. Two Spaniards were also murdered, and two workers on the roads with their wives; one of the women, named Rosarié, although seriously wounded, escaped to a village called Le Corso, where a native took pity on her, and gave her some food; but while he had gone out to fetch her some water to drink, another Arab despatched her with a sabre. Some of the accused were identified by colonists who escaped, and others were arrested on the suppression of the insurrection, with stolen property in their possession. The prisoners, in defence, say they took no part in the revolt, that they are devoted to the French, and that all the witnesses against them are perjurers.

## THE DANISH INUNDATIONS.

The damage occasioned both in England and France by the floods due to the recent heavy rains pale in comparison with the fearful destruction of life and property caused by the inundations which have devastated a part of Denmark. We read of entire villages swept away, of fleets of fishing boats totally annihilated, and of ships carried far in shore and left there high and dry when the waters had subsided. Boltenhagen, Laboe, and several other villages may, to use the language of the official report, "be effaced from the map," nothing remaining of them but piles of shapeless ruins. At Ellerbeck more than one house was carried away bodily, and floated on the summit of the waves. During the afternoon of the 15th ult., a French brig entered the port of Kiel, having on board a young lad who had been found floating on a roof, right out in the open sea. Our engraving represents the rescue of an entire family from a similar predicament by a Government steamer off the coast near Sonderburg. In this latter town the water in the streets rose to the height of twelve feet, and the inhabitants had to be removed from the upper storeys and the roofs of the houses by means of boats. Eighty craft hailing from Stralsund alone have been destroyed, whilst to the horrors of the flood in that town were added those of a fire. The loss of life too has been terrible, and the general aspect of the country is described as most appalling.

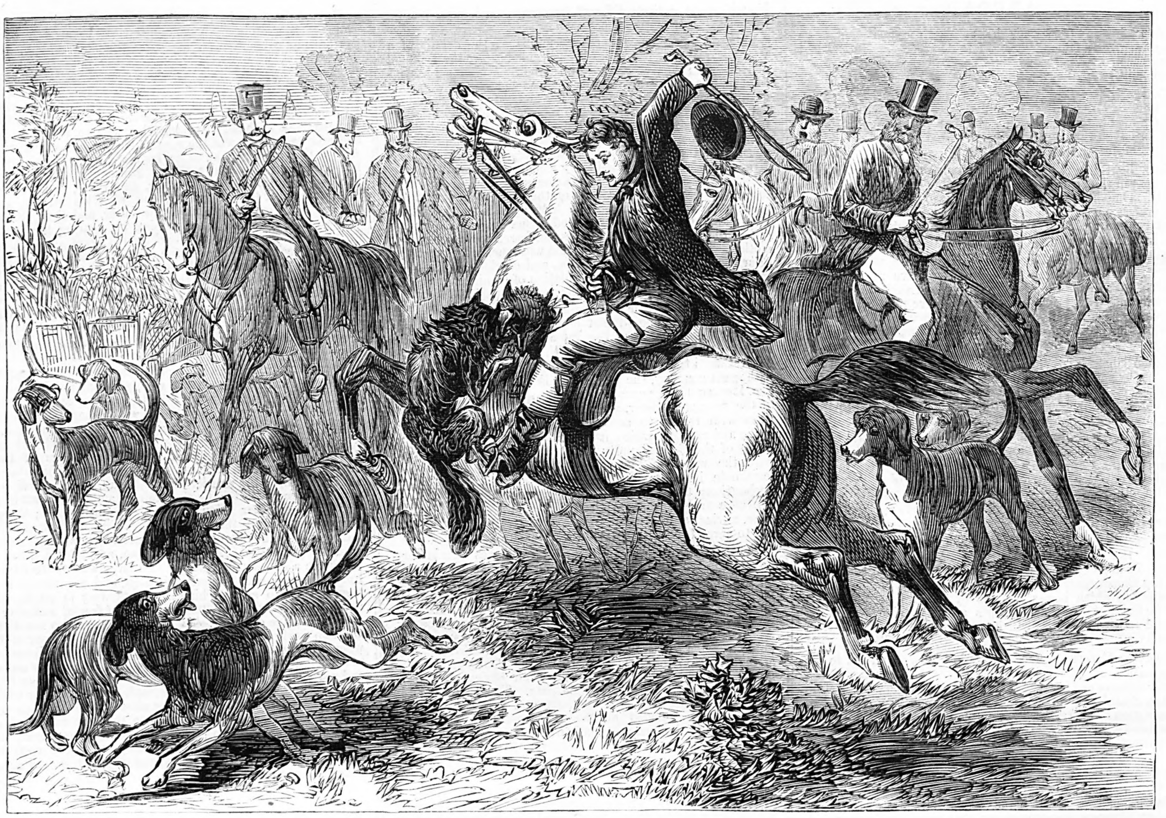
## THE EASTERN EMBASSIES IN PARIS.

**Paris** is at present honoured with the presence of two embassies from the far East—that dispatched by his Majesty the King of Burmah, and that entrusted with its credentials by that semi-mythical personage, the Mikado of Japan. The former of these embassies has but recently left this country, and we are able to give our readers the portraits of the gentlemen composing it derived from a photograph taken shortly before their departure. It will be remembered that they were received by the Queen at Windsor, and they have since been presented to the President of the French Republic.

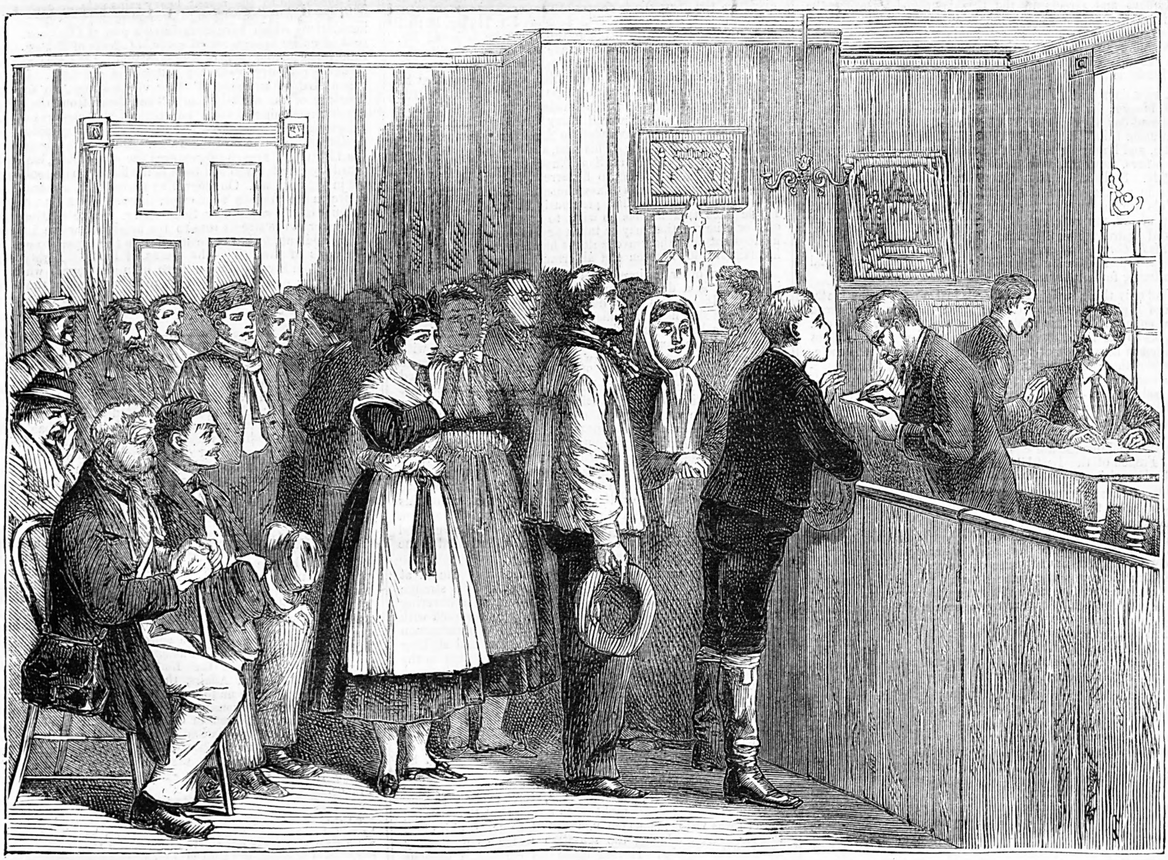
The Japanese Ambassadors have also been received by M. Thiers. Great wonderment was excited amongst the gaping Parisians by the fact of these Oriental strangers having on this occasion laid aside their silken robes and loose petticoat trousers for a costume closely approaching that formerly worn by the French senators, and the disappointed spectators made invidious comparisons between their appearance and that of the Burmese, whose wonderful State hats, resembling a miniature church spire, surrounded by a broad brim, had elicited unqualified amazement.

M. Thiers received the Embassy, surrounded by the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of War and his aides-de-camp, whose uniforms lent animation to the scene, and several other personages belonging to the official world. After a speech delivered in Japanese by the First Ambassador Iwakoura, a translation of which was read by one of the secretaries of the Embassy, the President uttered a few words to the effect that he wished to see the continuation of the friendly relations now existing between Japan and France.

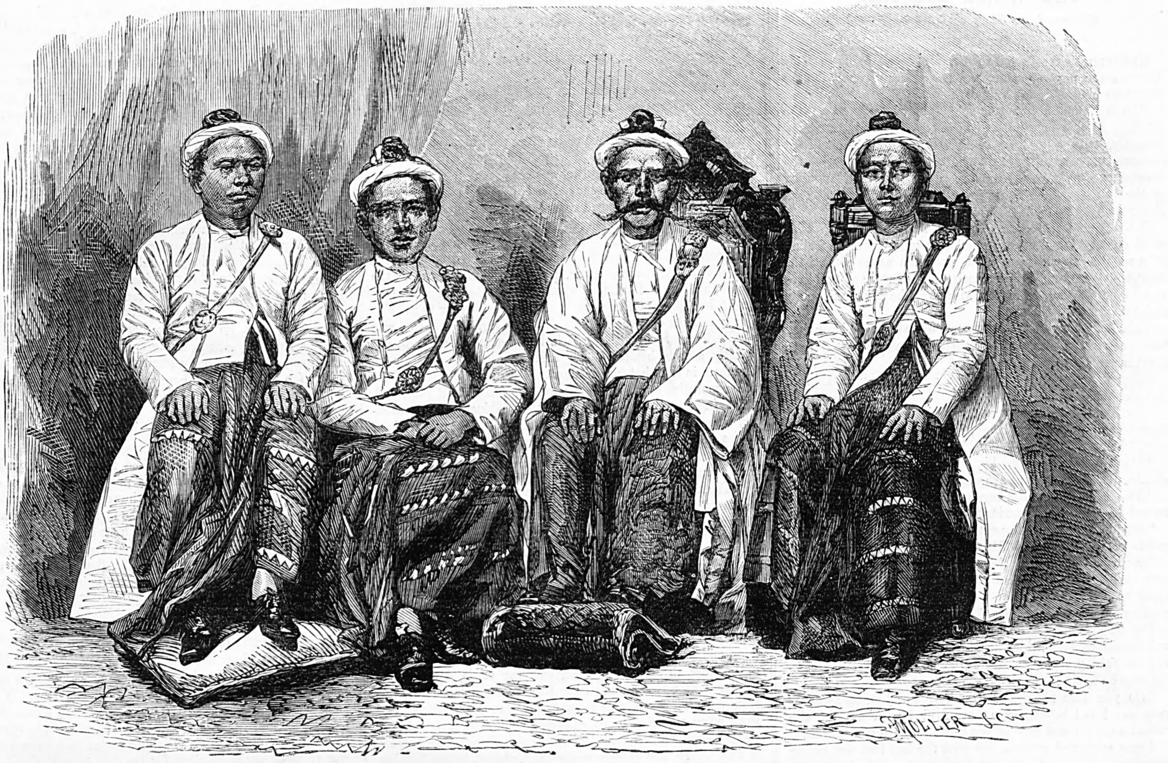
TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A Grateful Father is desirous of sending by mail, free of charge to all who wish it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father, a well-known physician, who has now discontinued practice. Sent to any person free.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advt.]



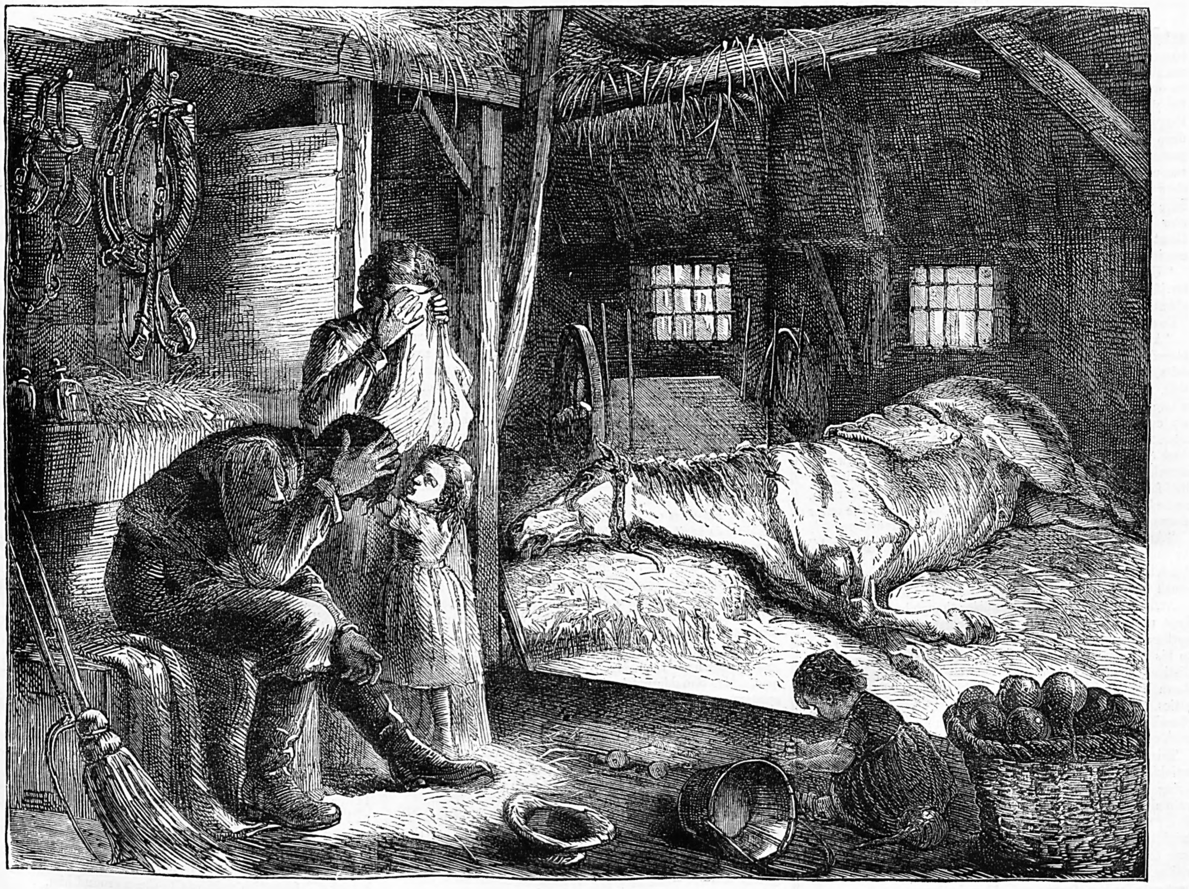
THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.——SINGULAR ATTACK BY A FOX TERRIER.



THE ALSACE-LORRAINE EXODUS.——EMIGRANTS APPLYING FOR ADVICE AND EMPLOYMENT.



THE BURMESE AMBASSADORS.—From a Photograph taken during their Recent Visit.



RUINED, AND WINTER AT THE DOOR.—An Episode of the Horse Plague in America.

## THE WHITE BOUQUET.

(*Commenced in No.* 1 *of* Passing Events.)

### CHAP. III.

Kenneth Frazer's tall roan carried him proudly to Lady Vipont's the next morning, and not the less proudly did the rider bear himself in the saddle.

Miss Wilmington was at home, and he was ushered into the carefully shaded morning room, where Maude was reclining dreamily, with a look of soul-weariness on her finely cut features, upon a softly cushioned article of furniture of the lounge genus. As he was announced she looked up languidly at the tall handsome figure framed in the doorway, and read his errand and his feelings at a glance.

Haughty and reckless as he was, he who when he set his mind on aught had never recked to count the cost, a feeling of awe hitherto unknown stole over him as he entered the apartment where in a few moments the future of two lives was to be decided. But throwing it off he advanced boldly and, taking her by the hand,

"Maude," he said, "I have come upon an errand you may have guessed. Last evening I fancied you would be willing to grant me this,—may I have it?"

There it was—plainly and fairly, and as a man should ask. But ah! the answer:—

"Sir Kenneth!—I fancy we have mistaken each other," and there was a low, mocking laugh, for it was her hour of triumph now, "I never dreamt of——"

"Don't lie!" came from his lips so sharply and sternly that she, hardened coquette as she was, paused.

"This is——" and she began a faint protest, but he interrupted her, pardonably under the circumstances one may say.

"Maude, are you playing with me? Can you dare after your words last night to act in this manner?"

"Sir Kenneth Frazer," she answered, the high spirit of her race rising at this style of address, for none had ever dared speak to her like this since childhood, "I claim the right of reading my words as I please."

The fiery blood of the two fierce races of hill-men, Celtic and Kohistani, from which he sprang, was seething in his veins and his face grew alternately purple and livid as with gleaming eyes he spoke:—

"Do you dare act thus? You have lured me on as never man was lured before,—you have trifled with me like the veriest wanton; and now do you mean to recall your words?"

Anger struggled successfully with the fear that was falling upon her.

"You are melodramatic, not to say ungentlemanly," she began, taking up woman's last weapon but one—sarcasm.

"Silence!" he thundered, and his figure shook with passionate rage, aroused as much by the shame of being bested by a woman, a creature he could have crushed with his hand, as by wrecked hopes. "You have made me love you with a love to poison a man's whole life. I loved you—I would have worshipped you. Your happiness should have been the key to every act, to every thought of mine. I would have died for you, for I never loved before. You should have been so happy—so happy," and his voice sank into a plaintive wail, so deep and so tender as though unconsious of her presence.—"Do you know why I tell you this?" he hissed, recovering himself and seizing her by the arm. "It is to show you what you have made me suffer, to show you that I have good cause for revenge. And the humiliation I suffer now will make that revenge all the sweeter when it comes. Gloat over my misery if you like, yours will not be long coming!"

"Unhand me, sir!" she gasped with white lips, now fairly terrified as he stood over her, like one of his cateran ancestors about to bear off a creagh, with a murderous glare in his eyes. "Coward, to insult a woman."

"A woman! You should have known better than to have played with me—with me—I am not one of your cold-blooded dolts, to be jilted and then sneered out of my vengeance like that. I mean to be revenged, my dainty darling, and I know where to strike. You are proud of the beauty that has been my curse, and I will make you a hideous leper, the scorn of humanity. No man shall ever touch these lips after me!" And clasping her tightly to his breast he rained a shower of scorching kisses upon her upturned face, and then, hurling her half-fainting upon the lounge from which she had risen, rushed from the room, encountering on the steps of the outer door no less a personage than the Marquis of Hautmere.

"Another victim in her toils: by God! it shall be the last," he muttered, as with set lips and death-white face he swung himself into the saddle and dashed off homeward at a pace much marvelled at by the steady groom who followed him.

Arrived at his house—for, bachelor though he was, Kenneth kept up the establishment where the general, his father, had gathered together his spoils and trophies,—he flung the reins to his follower and darted hastily up the stairway, a totally distinct being from the calm "swell" who had sauntered down it in the morning. Up, up, he went, right to the very attics, pausing but on threshold of a small, strangely furnished chamber, with a solitary tenant reclining upon a pile of cushions upon the floor.

This was an old, old woman, so worn, and shrivelled up, and wrinkled, as to resemble rather a galvanized corpse than a living being, this resemblance yet further increased by the voluminous folds of white drapery in which her emaciated figure was swathed. But the piercing black eyes gleamed as brightly as ever, and something resembling a smile played over the brown, fleshless face, as she turned them towards her visitor. For the poor old heart lodged in that frail tenement beat only for him, for the son of her dead nurseling.

Her dead nurseling; for this weird old ayah had nursed Lady Frazer in her babyhood, and at her death had transferred all the wild tropical devotion she had borne her foster child, to the man now before her.

She crawled slowly across the room, and extended her skinny arms in welcome.

"And what does my darling want of his old nurse?" she began in her native tongue, reading with a single glance of those piercing eyes of hers that it was no ordinary motive, no mere visit of kindness such as he often paid her, that brought him thither.

"Vengeance," was the bitter answer.

"You shall have it, my loved one, if it be in my power to give. Who has wronged you that you come to me for vengeance, instead of taking it yourself?"

"I will tell you," he began, and then commenced a long, dark conference between that strangely assorted couple; the one passionate, unscrupulous, and utterly maddened by the slight that day had inflicted upon him, and the other hurt by aught hurting him she adored, and only too eager to aid him in any scheme of revenge. A subtle and terrible ally too, was she, well versed in all the dark knowledge of the East, the ghastly secrets handed down traditionally from mother to daughter in that hot-bed of deadly intrigue, the zenana. At the conclusion of which interview, the old woman rose, and, unlocking a quaintly ornamented inlaid cabinet, began searching amongst certain mysterious bottles and packets contained in its inmost recesses; whilst Kenneth, descending to his own apartments, despatched his confidential valet for the finest bouquet that money could procure.

"Those beautiful lips shall never receive man's kiss again," he muttered, as he threw himself into a chair to await the return of his messenger.

* * * * * *

Mr. Samuel Shouldernott, who for an annual stipend, immaterial to our story, condescended to array his imposing person in the purple and yellow livery of the Marquis of Hautmere, and to exhibit therein the physical proportions of which he was so justly proud, to a more or less admiring public behind his lordship's carriage, and at his lordship's hall-door, and who furthermore deigned to perform the functions of opening the door aforesaid, carrying cards, letters, and similar light articles, and eating four hearty meals a day, was lounging—it is regrettable to have to use such a common-place word when referring to so exalted a being, but it must be repeated—was lounging at the bar of the Coach and Horses. Which Coach and Horses was a quiet, sleepy, brown-looking, fly-blown public-house, situate at the corner of a mews, and much patronized by the domesticity of the vicinity. The "uniform," which in its full-blown gorgeousness provoked the admiration of the cognoscenti and the sneer of the cad, was on this occasion toned down to a professional undress; and, though the hyacinthine locks still bore evidence of a profuse besprinkling with the raw material of quartern loaves, the classic features had laid aside their normal look of lofty serenity, and wore, it must be confessed, a dejected aspect. A cloud was on his brow, and a weight of care sat on his manly bosom, which even the untasted modicum of malt liquor on the counter before him failed to alleviate. And why?

The place was good, the perquisites ditto, he was arrayed like Solomon in his glory, in purple and fine linen, not to mention plush, a material unknown to the wise king of Israel, and found his appetite and digestion fully equal to the consumption of the four square meals a day above mentioned. The pangs of despised love were not his, for Araminta, sole daughter of the heart and milk-walk of Mr. Jenks, dairyman smiled on his suit, and Jenks was reported "warm." No pilfered spoons, nor surreptitiously obtained forks lay heavy upon his conscience and the pawnbroker's shelves; no, when he did peculate, it was legitimately.

But Samuel had listened to the voice of a charmer—one of those all too generous individuals who advertise in the sporting papers that for a paltry number of stamps they will send you the certainty of fortune in the shape of the name of the future winner of any race run in England. On the strength of a "stable whisper," he had "put the pot on" heavily on a certain animal which he had been most energetically assured would win the Derby in a canter; and, now the Debauchee having broken a blood-vessel in training, the pot in question was in imminent danger of an upset, with the certain result of a pretty kettle of fish. And to think that he had been urged to "put his shirt on" the brute in question, at the risk of standing *in puribus* whilst the race was being run.

As he stood there mentally execrating the tipster who had led him astray, and ruefully contemplating the pages of a greasy little book wherein were inscribed certain mysterious hieroglyphics representing odds taken and given, to him entered a suave, quiet little gentleman, with bland manners, firm looking, clean-shaven face, and observant eye, bearing in his hand something carefully enveloped in white paper. No less a personage than Mr. Wilson, Kenneth Frazer's own man. Mr. Shouldernott's face brightened somewhat at his appearance, for the new comer was not unknown to him.

"I knew I should find you here," remarked Mr. Wilson, who knew everything in a quiet way, including Samuel's impending losses, and who had his reasons for the self-derogation from the hierarchy of domesticity he was guilty of, in thus cultivating the society of a gentleman *in* livery; "How do things look with you?"

Mr. Shouldernott made an expressive grimace, and, anticipating the utterance of the Truthful One, replied that they looked "far from gay."

"You were backing the Debauchee heavily, and he has broken down?" continued Mr. Wilson.

His companion assented.

"Are you hard hit?"

"Horribly," answered Mr. Shouldernott.

"Well, then listen to me;" and much conversation in a low tone followed, with a certain amount of persuasive eloquence on the part of Mr. Wilson, and feeble opposition on that of Mr. Shouldernott, ending in the transfer into the latter's hands of the paper enveloped package aforesaid, together with sundry other pieces of paper, oblong, crisp, rustling, and bearing the impression of a sitting figure of Britannia in the upper left-hand corner; perhaps not the first that had been transferred from the same hands, for the Rajah had learnt from the old general, his father, that there is nothing like gaining intelligence from the enemy's camp.

* * * * * *

The Marquis of Hautmere emerged from the doorway of Lady Vipont's that same morning in a state of jubilation. Miss Wilmington had appeared somewhat agitated on his being ushered into the morning room, a circumstance he interpreted in the manner most favourable to himself, and had furthermore, on recovering her equanimity, smiled on him so graciously, that on quitting her society he hardly knew whether, vulgarly speaking, he was on his head or his heels. However, he recovered sufficiently to proceed *in propriâ personâ* to Brooks's, and there purchase a magnificent bouquet, which was somehow intrusted to Mr. Shouldernott for conveyance to Miss Wilmington. And a magnificent bouquet, carefully enveloped in tissue paper, was punctually delivered at Lady Vipont's that same afternoon by Mr. S.

Only if the Marquis had strolled into the back parlour of Mr. Jenks's milk-shop, an utterly preposterous feat of course he might have been struck with the resemblance between the flowers adorning a china vase on the mantlepiece and those he had despatched to his lady love an hour or so before.

But there are resemblances that deceive the keenest of us, and Araminta Jenks being Mr. Samuel Shouldernott's intended, he had perhaps copied his master's actions—and present.

### CHAP. IV.

It was an extra full night at the opera.

In the first place it was hotter than usual, which, by one of those strange coincidences as yet unexplained, is sure to make that temple of sweet sounds fuller than ever it ought to be, and in the second, La Stucca, the new prima donna, about whom all London was talking, and whose photograph—sure test of popularity—was selling better than anyone else's, was to make her appearance for the first time in *Lucia*. For Lucia had always been a favourite *rôle* of her great rival at the other house La Tutta, and people were dying, so they said at least, to hear how she would acquit herself therein.

So Bow-street was blocked with vehicles, and the house was filled from pit to chandelier as it had never been filled within the memory of the oldest *habitué*. All the world and his wife, right or left handed, as the case may be, were there. Duchesses, demi-reps, and detrimentals; countesses, club-men, and critics; patricians and poetasters; belles, and *badauds*, were all assembled. The people who come to see, and those who graciously condescend to show themselves; the people who come to hear and are too frequently disappointed, and the people who come to be heard, and who generally manage to get the best of it. The three multicoloured horse-shoes did not present a single break in their dazzling array of youth and age, beauty and *badigeonnage*, fashion and folly; whilst the rows of dingy crimson chairs below, better to sit upon than to look at, groaned beneath the weight of countless white-chokered ones, digesting their dinners to the accompaniment of faultless orchestration. Amongst these were our friends Hathersleigh and Cracroft, but the stall of Kenneth Frazer was conspicuous in its emptiness—the seat of Banquo at the Festival of Melody.

Miss Wilmington is there of course. She is throned in state, queen of beauty, in Lady Vipont's box on the grand tier, and through the open door—most of the doors are open on account of the heat—troop a throng of courtiers to offer homage to their suzeraine, who receives them with more than her usual condescension as she sits there toying with a magnificent white bouquet. Relay succeeds relay of eligible and ineligible, all eager to have the privilege of retailing to her the latest ripples of intelligence from the Ocean of Fashion. Very gracious is she to them all to-night, and they, whilst marvelling much inwardly at the absence of "The Rajah," usually occupying the post of honour on such occasions, profit thereby to whisper such nothings as may cross their fancy, and escape snubbing.

"Don't see the Rajah," remarked the Honourable Reginald who had strolled round during the interval between the first and second acts, to a group in the lobby.

"No," responded that elegant exquisite, Bertie Lascelles; "not on duty to-night."

"Sent in his papers?" queried Cracroft.

"Hautmere to be cornet, *vice* Frazer resigned," suggested Dudley Vane.

"Perhaps leave of absence, I should say, though," answered Bertie.

"Don't know; running those two were making at Lady Broadwaters' last night was something awful. Could not last—pace that kills, you know."

"Hum. Rajah not to be choked off easily, but you had better ask little Dick Devereux. He knows everything, and ——"

"Talk of the Dev—ereux. Say, Dick, where's the Rajah?"

Little Dick, who had just sauntered up, drew himself to his full attitude with the proud consciousness of the man possessed of information unknown to those around him.

"The Rajah was scratched for the Favourite Stakes at eleven forty-five this morning. He is at the present moment abusing the South Eastern Railway Company, and every other sublunary concern, in the Paris mail, somewhere between London and Dover, *en route* for Pandemonium."

Dick Devereux knew a great deal, but not everything. From behind the closely drawn curtains of a little *loge* on the pit tier, a pair of eyes remarkably like Kenneth Frazer's were gazing fixedly, not at the stage, but at the superb white bouquet in Maude Wilmington's hand.

"Well, the Marquis will take up the running," was the comment of Cracroft as he entered Lady Vipont's box.

Maude was reckless and high spirited to-night. A glance had assured her that Kenneth's stall was vacant and relieved by his absence she laughed and talked eagerly, dazzling the loungers who dropped in by the flow of her spirits and the brilliancy of her repartee. Victor in the great battle, she felt all the emulation of conquest, and revelled in the consciousness of her triumph, her power that made strong men weak and sages fools before her, though from time to time the haunting recollection of the look in Kenneth's eyes when he left her, and the echo of his parting words, darted across her mind like the whisper of coming evil. At times too, a faint indefinable *malaise* would steal over her, a shuddering faintness—due of course to the emotion she had undergone during the day and the heat of the evening.

The second act was drawing to a close and La Stucca was tossing a yard and a half or so of yellow hair—yellow hair, on the boards at least, seems as neccesary a qualification for a prima donna as a voice nowadays—down her back and raving through Donizetti's music as it had never been raved through before, when the Marquis of Hautmere entered an appearance. Something of a smile of triumph lit up his somewhat stolid features as Maude beckoned him to her side, nor was she herself indifferent, feeling the joy of the sportsman when he again hooks a fish worthy of his rod, after the silvery side of the last victim has turned up in the shallow water. Hale, bluff, and rosy thoroughly English looking, he presented a striking contrast to the man whose usual place he filled that night and whose successor, and perhaps *in futuro* fellow-sufferer, rumour was announcing him.

His brow however clouded slightly as he bent toward his suzeraine who as she turned to greet him had gracefully—and unconsciously of course—raised the flowers she held in her hand and inhaled their fragrance with a long breath. The perfume was however too powerful, for she felt for a moment quite dazed and giddy.

"And what do you think of Stucca as Lucia ?" inquired the Marquis.

"Superb," answered Maude, for about the twentieth time that evening. "She is really enchanting. I shall be tempted to sacrifice your flowers to her," she added—of any one else it might be written archly, but in Maude Wilmington it was impossible to say where Nature ended and Art began.

"My flowers ?" queried Hautmere, in his blunt way. "Where are they ?"

Whatever Miss Wilmington may have thought of this question, she answered "Here," as calmly as a frozen ocean.

"But those are not mine."

"Indeed, who have I to thank for them then ? Someone has been taking your name in vain, for they were certainly delivered as from you," she said gaily, but with an inward struggle against the old sensation of faintness.

"Some stupid mistake, Miss Wilmington; I did send you a bouquet, but not this one."

"Man dropped 'em down sewer, you know—got in awful funk—rushed off and bought these," suggested Hathersleigh who had lounged in, and was paying his devoirs to Lady Vipont.

"Very likely; but what's the matter with Miss Wilmington ?" ejaculated Hautmere, as Maude, death white, and almost swooning, leant back in her seat.

"Nothing—I——" she gasped, endeavouring to rise, but she was powerless to move; the current of her blood seemed turned to ice, and for a moment all before her swam in one thick mist, out of which Kenneth's face seemed to look at her with glaring eyes.

Kenneth's face? Yes! for the curtains of the little *loge* on the ground tier were now drawn aside, and the dark eyes of her rejected lover were riveted on her now pallid features, with the look of an Eastern despot gazing on the pangs of his victim.

"Take me home," she murmured, closing her eyes to shut out this terrible apparition, and then unconsciousness came to her relief, and she was borne in a fainting condition to the carriage.

* * * * * *

"Miss Wilmington is indisposed," was the message delivered to the Marquis of Hautmere, and to the remaining members of a crowd of more or less sympathizing friends who called at Lady Vipont's next morning. And days went on, and still the same announcement met each pasteboard-dropper; for Maude's indisposition continued, speedily accruing into illness.

A strange and terrible illness too, an unknown species of leprosy, attacking her in the most vital point, her beauty, and fairly baffling the skill of her medical attendant, who was puzzled to give it a name. Days went on, and still the mysterious malady held its way, despite the array of medical talent brought against it, for Sir Pompus Fussley, the great physician, and Sir Cutte Carver, the eminent surgeon, and Dr. Melancthon Audubon, the first authority of the day on skin diseases, had been called in to the assistance of grave Dr. Dulcet, the family medical man; but they all shook their heads, and wondered and confessed, only to themselves of course, that such a case had never presented itself to their notice during the whole course of their experience. Only when Dr. Dulcet happened to be discussing it with a friend of his, an old army surgeon, the latter mentioned that he had seen something of the kind in India, said to have been produced by the administration of certain drugs; but then of course there could be no such cause in this instance, for Maude had no occasion to patronize Madame Rachel, though, to make sure, they analyzed the accessories on her toilet-table. Meanwhile she lay in a state of delirium that mercifully spared her the pain caused by the raging inflammation that was devouring her face.

And when at last the illness left her, its work had been done only too well. Kenneth had said no man would ever more seek to kiss those lips after him, and his words had come true; for who now would even look at her without a shudder? The belle of a few weeks back was now an object of loathsome abhorrence, her face scarred, ravaged, and eaten away piecemeal to a degree to which even Time, the great healer, promised no remedy. And though they might drag her from Spa to Spa, and from Bad to Bad, Creuznach with its healing waters, and Wildbad because the princess went there, it was all in vain, nothing would restore to her the beauty of which she had made such cruel use.

It had departed for ever, blasted and blighted by the deadly perfume of the White Bouquet.

THE END.

## LIFE'S PURPORT.

LIFE has its endless contrasts. Very few
The years that teach us its complete conditions
If you would stand in Manhood's front, *be true;*
If not, then make contemptible submissions.

There is a lofty destiny for man;
Only the perverse idiot fain would spoil it.
God gave great gifts since first His world began;
His will is fate: then wherefore try to foil it?

## A SHAM DUKE.

THE attention of the President and Council of the Royal Botanic Society, in the Regent's-park, having been drawn by a formal memorial to the fact that a foreign correspondent of the Society, who styles himself the "Duke of Roussillon," but whose real name is M. Cosprons, is "not known" at the French Embassy, and that his election as a foreign member of the Junior Athenæum Club was recently "cancelled at the request of his proposer and seconder," it has been resolved to prosecute an official inquiry into his antecedents, both in London and Paris. Mr. Walford, well known by his work on the "County Families of England," having formerly known the "Duke," has been lately requested by the Marylebone Charity Organization Society to supply them with information respecting the Sham Duke's career; and some curious revelations are anticipated.

## A SHOWER OF LOCKETS.

IN the kingdom of Cockaigne, we believe, the sucking pigs run about ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in them, and crying "Come eat us." In this halcyon region, according to tradition, it occasionally rains turtle soup, and hails forcemeat balls. Let not the old wives' tale be jeered at. Truth is stranger than fiction; and it is certain that only a week ago, in the prosaic region of Hatton-wall, E.C., there was a shower of gold lockets. A little boy, named Green, taking his walks abroad, suddenly came upon a box full of glittering jewellery. With this treasure trove he marched off exultant, but, presently feeling frightened, returned to the place where he had found the *schatz*. He deposited a portion of the valuables on a doorstep, and gave the remainder—probably as a *gage d'amour*—to a little girl of his acquaintance. Soon afterwards the establishments of the pawnbrokers about Liquorpond-street and Leather-lane began to be besieged by customers, chiefly humble folk, such as costermongers, charwomen, and workgirls, offering valuable gold lockets in pledge. Suspicion was excited, inquiries were made, and it was then discovered that the glittering baubles belonged to a manufacturer in Birmingham, who had consigned them to a wholesale dealer in Clerkenwell, who one day last month entrusted to his errand-boy no less than twenty-seven parcels of jewellery for delivery to tradesmen in different parts of London. The box containing the lockets was destined for a firm in Hatton-garden; and, according to the errand-boy's showing, he sat down on a doorstep to sort his parcels, and inadvertently left his lockets behind him. Meanwhile two persons had been taken into custody and charged at Clerkenwell Police-court with being in possession of twenty-five gold lockets, and failing to account satisfactorily for the possession thereof. Their defence was that they had found the articles, and that they did not know the value of them; and this plea being accepted in a true spirit of equity by the magistrate, the prisoners were discharged. Evidently they had regarded this shower of lockets as of the nature of auriferous manna, providentially sent for the sustenance of the indigent classes in Clerkenwell; and their *bona fides* in the matter is rather strengthened by their at once repairing to the pawnshop with their prizes. Had the booty been looked upon as felonious, the "fence" would be the natural channel for the disposal of ill-gotten goods. It will, moreover, take a great many years of legislation to convince the poor that "findings" are not "keepings." In the instance of the lockets they were looked upon as waifs and strays which might be legitimately appropriated—an opinion arguing a low state of morality in Hatton-garden, but not very flagrantly criminal. However, the locket-finders have got off easily this time; but what shall we say of the prudence and foresight of the wholesale dealer who trusts an errand-boy loose in the howling wilderness of London with twenty-seven parcels of valuable jewellery in his possession?—*Daily Telegraph.*

## CHRISTMASTIDE IN MADRID.

CHRISTMAS EVE bears in Spain the quaint and beautiful title, "Noche Buena." We call in English a day of deeply sorrowful memory "Good Friday." Spain gives to the cheering eve of Christ's Nativity the name of "The Good Night." In the land of the olive and the vine, the great holiday is not attended with our wintry landscape, though the bitterly cold winds that sweep down from the snow-clad ranges across the bare plain on which the capital city lies frequently render great coats, and comforters as acceptable as in England. The Plaza Santa Cruz at Madrid, which is depicted in our engraving, is filled up with temporary booths, where are to be obtained *mazapanes*, or Christmas cakes, oranges, pomegranates, water-melons, clusters of grapes and dates, nuts of all kinds, pine-apples, and bricks of *quesa de almundras* or almond cheese. Toys, of course, have their place—drums and tambourines, dolls and figures of all sorts.

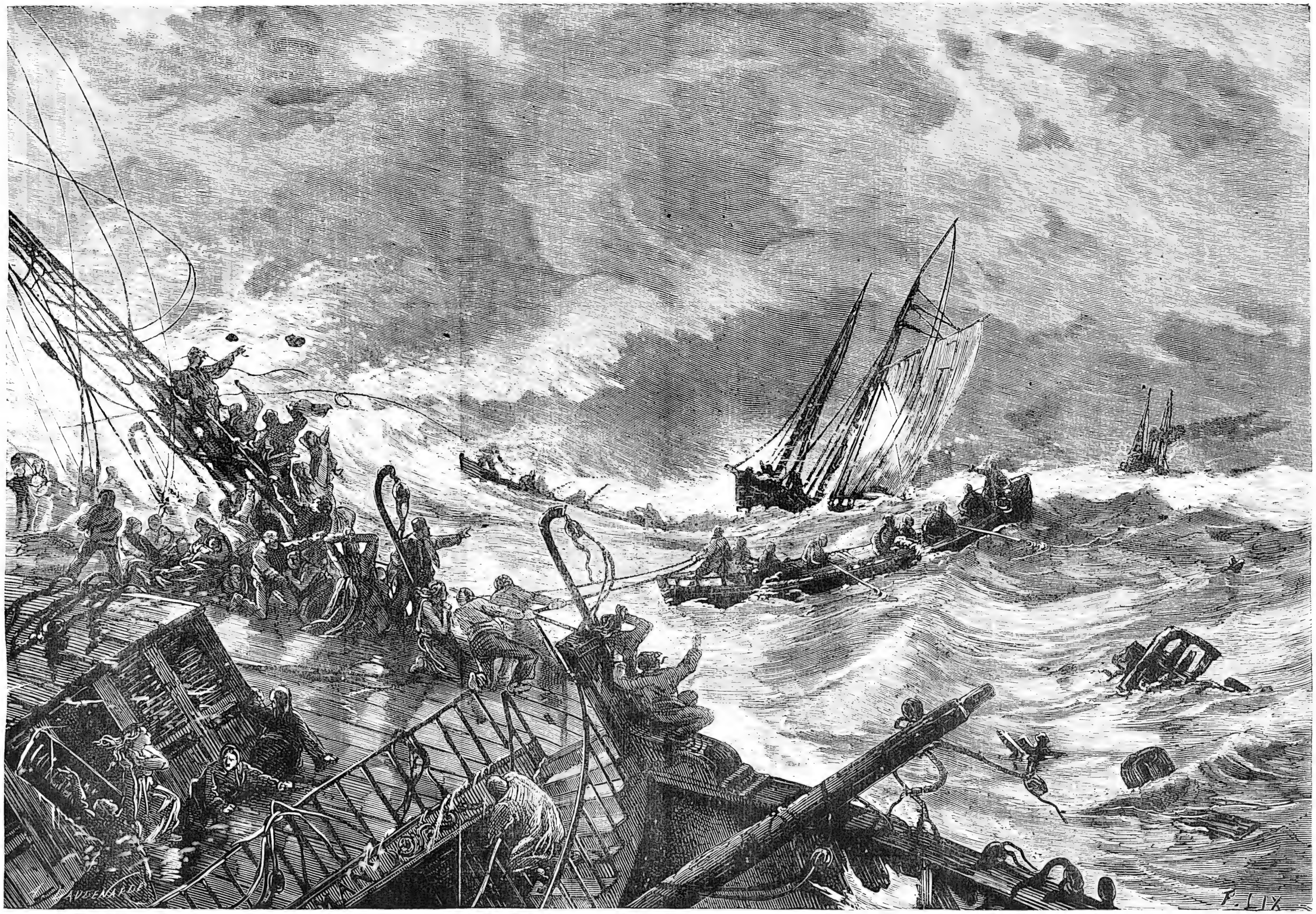
But what is the most curious feature of this season is the flocks of live turkeys that you find entering the city from all sides, and, as the bird is rather erratic, the turkey-drover has his hands full in a crowded thoroughfare. As he "cries *Pavos! pavos! gordos y sin viruela!*"—"Turkeys! turkeys! fat and healthy!"—some citizen, or wife thereof, will suddenly recollect the condition of the domestic larder, and grab at the wing of the most likely-looking bird. The procession halts, and, while the purchaser is feeling, examining, and rejecting till satisfied, there is a general halt. When the bargain is struck, and the two or three dollars paid, the purchaser takes up her live turkey and proceeds with her shopping, while the turkey-drover drives on his diminishing flock.

As the night goes on, the din ceases, all becomes quiet, till the warning bell announces that the Midnight Mass in the churches is about to begin. Now the streets are alive again with the throngs of people hastening to join in that religious opening of the day, from which they come forth to salute each other with "*Felicito a usted las Pascuas*"—equivalent to our merry Christmas, for all holidays are *Pascuas* in Spain, and this is the *Pascua de la Navidad.*

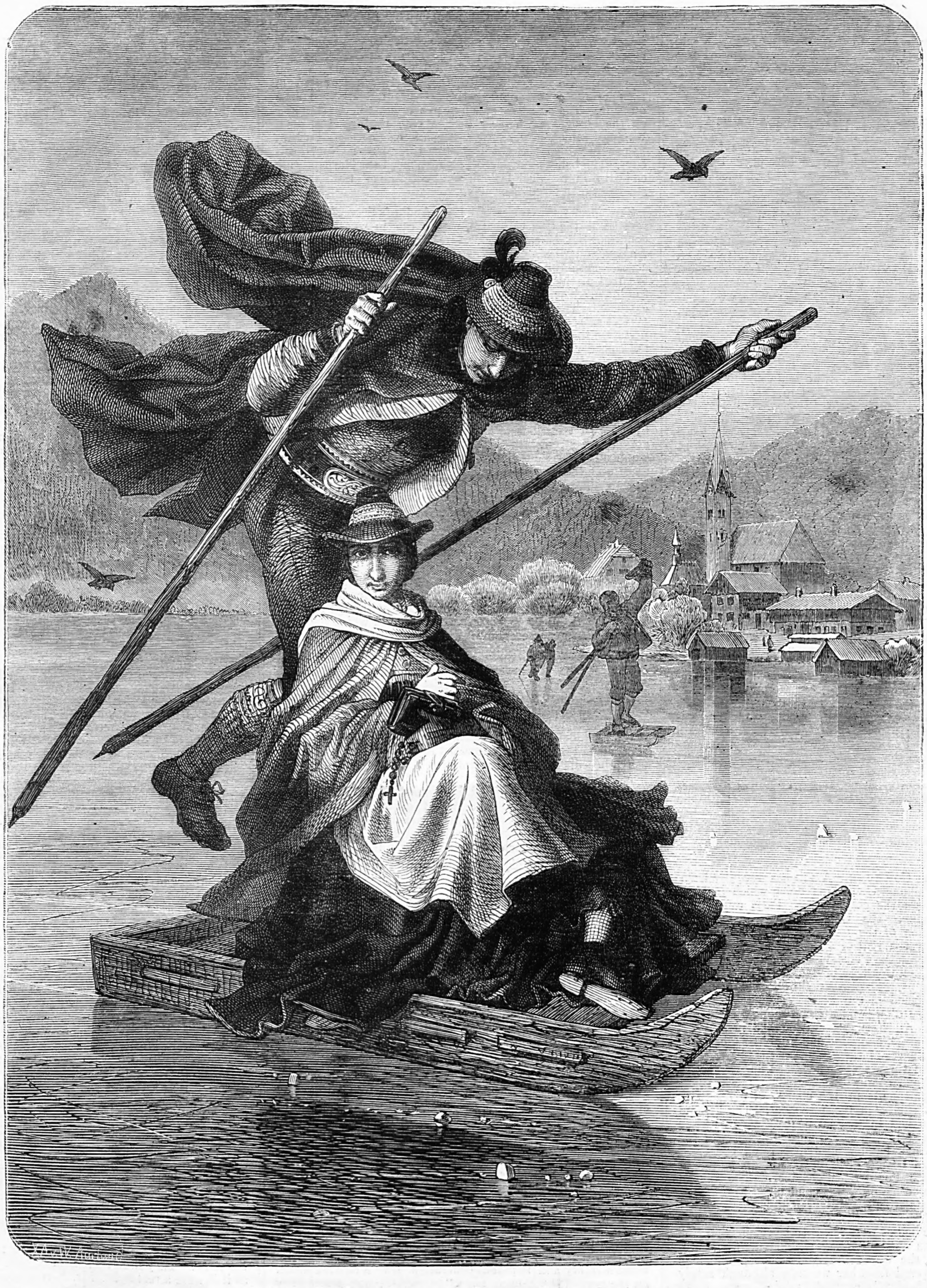
THE Rector of Cholesbury, writing to the *Times*, on the subject of an old Trafalgar veteran, residing in his parish, says. I was in error as to the name of Newton's ship—it was the *Revenge*, and not the *Bellerophon*. I was led to the mistake by an anecdote told me by the old man, which, if you could spare room for it in your columns, would be read with much interest by naval men. In one of our chats I happened to ask in what way his ship went into action at Trafalgar. His reply was, 'You see, Sir, the enemy was drawn up in a kind of half-moon shape, two deep, and close together; so we went spank into them.'—the old man's countenance brightened at the thought—" and broke their line. But just as we had done so, and were getting into position, our tiller rope was shot away, and four ships at once set upon us, two taking us fore and aft. It was very hot work, Sir,' he added, 'while it lasted; and our second lieutenant, Mr. Little, came down between decks and ordered all the men to lie down flat on the decks. Fortunately, the "*Billyruffian*"' (the old sailor will persist in so styling her; he knows the *Bellerophon* by no other name) 'and another ship came to our aid, and it ended in two or three—I forget which—of the captains that had attacked us having to deliver up their swords on our deck to Captain Moresom.' On my asking how it happened that the two ships came to their relief, he explained that a few days after the battle an old comrade from the *Victory* came on board the *Revenge* and told him that during the action he heard Lord Nelson say to Captain Hardy, 'Hardy, where is the *Revenge?*' 'To leeward, my lord,' was the reply, 'and four ships upon her.' 'Signal two ships to go to her assistance,' said Lord Nelson; 'and so that is how they come to help us.' On my further inquiring what could it have been that induced Nelson at such a moment to think about the *Revenge*, he said he could not tell, except that the *Revenge* being quite a young ship, just fresh from the docks, and with all strange hands aboard, perhaps that made the Admiral feel anxious to know how she was behaving herself. The old man's conjecture may be a correct one, and, if so, it furnishes a striking instance of the perfect coolness and power of collectiveness of thought in danger which formed so conspicuous a trait in Nelson's character."

THE warmest thanks of the public are due to a contemporary, who has been at the trouble to expose the imbecility of a detective police force of which readers of Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins have hitherto entertained a too exalted opinion. An important, if not the principal, part of the process of tracking the Coram-street murderer is, according to the *Standard*, as follows:—A well-known detective sets out, accompanied by a newspaper reporter. They go into a notorious thieves' quarter, where, according to the detective, it is most particularly unlikely that the murderer will be found. When there, they find "a brilliantly lighted gin-palace," and, says the detective, "we'll go in here." He is well known by sight to all the customers, and asks them, in a friendly way, if they have a foreigner among them. They answer "No," and wish the gentleman a "Happy new year." Then they proceed to a common lodging-house, to the owner of which they put the same question, and receive the same answer. The detective has not the least suspicion that the "comely-looking woman," whom he calls "Kitty," is deceiving him, but still he will just look in at the common sleeping room. He does so, makes two men hold up their heads who are plainly not the "party wanted," and asks if they are *sure* no foreigners are here? They obtain at last the important information that somebody "has a strong impression it was a foreign sailor," on the ground that "no Englishmen would do such a black deed." This is enough, and "my indefatigable friend the detective" leaves his friend the reporter to give account of his "search for the Coram-street murderer" the next morning. We must, therefore, understand the instructions issued to the detective free to be, when looking for a murderer, Go where you think you are least likely to find or hear of him. Let everybody know your errand. Ask the same question in one or two public places before everybody, and believe all you are told. Finally, put the fugitive on his guard by letting detailed reports of all you do be published in the daily papers. A cross-examining counsel, in the interests of public justice, is not allowed to ask Dogberry what is the nature of "the instructions he received." The rule is, in theory, a good one, but if the instructions are as absurd as the way they are acted upon, the more closely they are inquired into the better.

THE date at which the Emperor of China assumes the direction of the affairs of the Empire is at last fixed, and the Regency is to come to an end at the termination of the present China year—that is to say, in February next.


AUDENARDE
F. LIX

THE STEAMSHIP "GERMANY" (OF THE ALLEN LINE) WRECKED AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER GIRONDE.



WINTER IN UPPER BAVARIA.——GOING TO MASS BY ICE SLEDGE.

## THE WRECK OF THE "GERMANY."

FROM the accounts published in the *Courrier de la Rochelle*, it seems that the passengers and crew of the Allan mail steamer *Germany*, wrecked at the mouth of the Gironde on the 21st ult., suffered terribly during the night when the vessel struck. It was quite dark when the disaster occurred, and no help came until after daylight broke. Directly the vessel struck, the waves beat over her with great fury, and all the boats, except one, were washed away. At half-past 8 the mainmast fell. Half an hour later the mizenmast also fell, and carried away with it seven persons who had taken refuge in the rigging. This incident added to the terror of those who still clung to the vessel. Throughout the night the most heart-breaking cries of despair and anguish were heard as the furious waves claimed some fresh victim. One wave carried away a woman and her four children. Towards 5 o'clock in the morning, a young girl of eighteen, who had passed the night at the fore part of the vessel, tried in her despair to reach the bridge. She was, however, thrown down by a wave, and notwithstanding the assistance rendered to her by one of the officers, violently dashed against the bulwarks and terribly injured. Her sufferings were of the most painful kind, and her shrieks sent a thrill of horror through all who heard them. When the dawn came the remaining boat was launched and pulled towards the shore. It soon fell in with a fishing vessel, commanded by a gallant fellow named Joseph Tristan, and returned with it to the wreck. The steamer *Mendoza*, bound from Bordeaux to Marseilles, also sent its boats, and ultimately all the persons on board were rescued. Six of them, however, in their eagerness to get off were drowned by the capsizing of the boat. Before leaving the ship it was discovered that an infant only seven months old had died in its mother's arms during the night. Upon the arrival of the sufferers at La Rochelle they were treated with the utmost kindness and attention. The news soon spread throughout the town that a great disaster had occurred, so that a large crowd at once assembled. The aspect of the survivors was pitiable in the extreme. They were so worn out that they could scarcely walk; their clothes were wet through and in shreds, and the women bore upon their pallid countenances the traces of the dreadful struggle between life and death through which they had passed. The municipal authorities, seconded by the spontaneous exertions of the inhabitants, at once took measures to relieve the sufferers. Food was supplied, clothes were bought, and accommodation was found for them in the different hotels of the town, in the hospitals, and in private houses.

In an account of the disaster by one of the officers of the *Germany*, it is stated that great praise is due to Joseph Tristan, the master of the fishing vessel, and that but for his opportune assistance the loss of life would have been far greater. He has already distinguished himself by his skill and bravery under similar circumstances, having obtained a Medal of Honour in 1869 for saving the crew of the *Zenith*, of Nantes, just as she was about to founder. At a concert given on behalf of the sufferers by the Philharmonic Society of La Rochelle he was presented with a magnificent telescope, the gift of the Yacht Club, in honour of his bravery in going to the assistance of the *Germany*. Great praise is also bestowed upon the crew of the *Mendoza*. The *Germany* was, it seems, in charge of a pilot at the time of the accident, and the officers attribute the disaster to him. The pilot states, however, that one of the lights by which he should have been guided was hidden by the mist, and that when he discovered this and gave the necessary orders it was too late.

## GOING TO MASS IN UPPER BAVARIA.

The frozen surface of lake and river has always been, in northern parts, a favourite road, Nature here presenting the level surface that engineers seek for the roads of man's construction.

The style of sledge adopted in Upper Bavaria is suggestive. There is something so attractive in this method of propelling a fair friend to the church, if not to the altar. It has the advantage of excluding officious company, and of leaving behind any unwelcome intruders. The young lady evidently enjoys it, and is at the same time certainly contributing to the muscular development and health of her cavalier.

The man stands on the back of the sledge, using two iron-shod and pointed staves in his hands as a means of propulsion, plying them with such skill as to drive the stout sledge skimming over the frozen surface with great rapidity. Such sledges are common on the Continent, and visitors to Paris may remember having seen them on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne in winter. During the siege the German officers and soldiers quartered at Versailles used to run tilts against one another on the frozen surface of the spacious basins seated upon similar contrivances, and much mirth and not a few contusions were the result. The French lads who used to hang about with these sledges for hire had many a hearty laugh at the downfalls of their conquerors.

The young man in our illustration is displaying his skill to such an extent as to elicit a hearty cheer from perhaps a rival, who has stopped for a moment on his own celibate sledge, to admire the young lady in her flying passage to church.

The population of Bavaria is chiefly Catholic, and the couple represented here are evidently on their way to Mass, to some old shrine honoured for ages, dark with the incense of years, and all the more hallowed to the minds of the votaries.

## SNOWDRIFTS ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

Winter, in England, has this year mainly been associated with an unusual mildness of temperature and an almost phenomenal downpour of rain. Across the Atlantic, however, it has shown some of its usual severity, and the traffic on the Union Pacific Railway has been seriously impeded by heavy falls of snow. Although the mere depth to which this has fallen cannot be regarded as anything remarkable for the locality, yet, owing to the formation of the country, its effects have been severely felt by the passengers. For when the hurricanes that sweep from the mountains across the far-stretching plains urge the fleecy mass forward in huge clouds, the comparatively slight obstacle offered by the railway track is sufficient to check in some degree their progress, and hence to lead to the formation of those huge drifts depicted in our engraving. The scene we have illustrated took place in Wyoming Territory during the past month.

* * *

An Episode of the Commune.—A suit has recently been disposed of by the Tribunal Civil de la Seine which incidentally threw light upon the condition of Paris during the reign of the Commune. The Comtesse d'Orglandes sued M. Gustave Fould, son of the former Minister of Finance under the Empire, for the rent of apartments in a house adjoining the Etat Major in the Place Vendôme. According to the defendant's case, on the 18th of March, 1871, when the so-called Federal troops took possession of Paris, the head-quarters were established in the Place Vendôme, and the house of the Comtesse d'Orglandes was occupied militarily. M. Fould had left Paris, having been wounded in a *reconnaissance* during the siege, and Madame Fould was exposed to the insults and menaces of the Communist soldiers. She was so alarmed at the threats levelled against her that, after having been arrested and confined for some hours in a police-cell, she left her apartments in the charge of a *femme de chambre*, and sought shelter in the provinces. The Federal Colonel, Brunel, who had formed an acquaintance with the waiting-maid, remained in the house until the entry of the Versailles troops, when, having been discovered concealed after his presence had been denied by the woman, he was at once shot in Madame Fould's bed-chamber. The woman being regarded as an accomplice, was condemned to the same penalty, and four shots from a revolver laid her apparently dead by the side of the so-called Colonel Brunel. A few hours later, when the bodies were about to be removed, it was found that the woman was still living, and, having fallen into more humane hands, she was conveyed to a hospital, where she ultimately recovered from her wounds, although sorely disfigured. The defendant's counsel, relying upon these facts, contended that the rent claimed for the period between March and July, 1871, was not due, the tenant not having enjoyed possession of the apartments. M. Fould had also suffered considerable loss by the pillage of his wine-cellar, a fact which he attributed to the connivance of the *concierge* appointed by the Comtesse d'Orglandes, who was subsequently sent to the hulks as a Communist convict. The plaintiff's counsel insisted that the defendant was bound to pay the quarter's rent, as all the occupiers in the same hotel had done, and that the sole cause of the danger which Madame Fould had incurred was her connection with a late Minister of the Empire, and not the proximity of her residence to the head-quarters of the insurgent Communists. The Court decided that, as it was proved that for a considerable portion of the period between March and July, 1871, the defendant had been prevented by *force majeure* from occupying the apartments held by him of the plaintiff, the claim of the latter for rent during that period could not be sustained, and she must bear the expenses of the suit.

Another Arbitration.—The *John Bull* says it may not be generally known that England has, in the person of Sir F. Goldsmid, been acting as arbitrator in a boundary between Persia and Affghanistan, and neither party being satisfied an appeal has been made to Earl Granville.

## AT THE THEATRES.

However excellent an entertainment may be, it can hardly take its place in a Christmas programme without the introduction of some novelty in honour of the season. To meet this necessity, the morning performances of "Ali Baba" at the Gaiety have been enriched with a Harlequinade, which forms a seventh scene of the piece. The extravaganza is still intact. Mr. Toole continues that practice of punning "that comes on you so," with its attendant fits of remorse; and Miss Farren still displays a charm the secret of which is all her own. A new grand ballet, too, has been introduced in the spectacular part of the extravaganza preceding the Harlequinade. The *danseuses* assemble in a summer-house standing on the borders of a clear lake, visible through the open windows, which also afford a view of the gorgeous Eastern palace in which the old bankrupt tradesman is to end his days. The ballet over, Mr. Toole introduced the Harlequinade company in a novel fashion by "conjuring" them on the stage out of a large black box.

The dramatised version of "Lady Audley's Secret" has been revived at the Court Theatre, with a cast in whose hands it could not but be successful. Mr. Hermann Vezin as Robert Audley, and Miss Ada Dyas as Lady Audley, the two principal characters of the piece, secured for the drama an attention on the part of the audience which first-rate actors only are able to obtain. The reception of the piece was flattering in the extreme. The audience saw in Miss Dyas a finished and perfect actress, capable of giving a forcible and correct interpretation to a heroine whose original designer evidently did not consider a sinner, but rather an injured woman. More especially was Miss Dyas a great actress in that difficult and trying scene in the library, when the conversation is carried on between Lady and Robert Audley, in which Lady Audley tries to discover whether Robert knows her secret, and Robert endeavours to show her that he does. The interest created by the two tacticians is worked up to a pitch by their cool action and strong facial development, and a scene which would otherwise be tedious and wearisome is made the marked feature of the evening. Mr. Vezin in this scene is far superior to what he is in the others. Finished though he is in those, he carries finish to the verge of excellence in his quiet and deliberate determination to prove to Lady Audley that he has so proud a woman in his power. The good humour and amiable disposition of Lady Audley before she finds that her first husband is alive, depicted with a singular charm by Miss Dyas, begat a feeling of sorrow in her admirers that there should be any cause for an exhibition of a different nature; and Robert Audley's desire to be friendly with her before he learns what her actual position is, although formally married to his uncle, increases the regret with which they find that these two characters must ever be foes.

A new comedy in three acts, written by Mr. Gilbert, and entitled "The Wicked World," has been produced at the Haymarket Theatre. The dramatist has apparently derived his subject from a story bearing the same name which he contributed to "Hood's Annual" some two or three years ago. The incidents of the play are supposed to occur in a skyey kingdom inhabited by fairies, who from their elevated position in the clouds are enabled to watch and to condemn the proceedings of the mortal world hanging in the ether beneath them. At an early stage of the representation the spectators are informed that each dweller in fairyland has upon earth "a perfect counterpart in outward form," so perfect indeed that even the immortals are powerless to distinguish themselves from their duplicates. This "condition precedent" upon which the fable is based is sufficiently perplexing to the audience, but it has the advantage of economising the strength of the company, and enables certain of the performers to quit the scene as fairies, and forthwith to reappear in the character of human beings. The female fairies, finding their state of existence rather monotonously happy, resolve, in exercise of certain magical powers which they possess, to summon to the skies the "earthly counterparts" of two male fairies, Ethais and Phyllon, who have been despatched by their king upon some mysterious errand to distant regions. The earthly Ethais and Phyllon are Gothic knights of rude bearing and indifferent morality. They enter brawling and blustering, and disgrace fairyland by their unchivalric conduct. Indeed, as they frankly explain, they believe themselves in the paradise of Mohammed, and view the fairy creatures about them as houris ministering to their enjoyment. The fairies, however, with one accord fall in love with these coarse roysterers. The introduction of mortal passion into fairyland, and the miseries that thereupon ensue, constitute the chief argument of the drama. Selenè, the fairy queen, precipitately yields her heart to Ethais, who sets little store upon the gift, and seems attracted more by the charms of a humbler fairy named Darine. Between Selenè and Darine a conflict of furious jealousy arises. Ultimately Selenè, rebuking Ethais for his ingratitude and inconstancy, so lashes herself into frenzy that she hurls at him one of those highly-seasoned maledictions that have become fashionable upon the stage since the success of Miss Bateman's famous cursing scene in "Leah." The mortals having been the occasion of as much mischief as possible during their stay of twenty-four hours in fairyland are then sent back to the earth; and the play comes to an unsatisfactory and impotent conclusion, with a determination on the part of the ill-used ladies "to glide through immortality upon the placid lake of sister love." One is very sorry for them, for it will be deadly dull, and it were better really to live for a brief space and then be annihilated, than drag on such a blotting-paper existence! The play is fantastic and graceful, teeming with cynical remarks that sound like wit, but it lacks human interest and sympathy, and is therefore not quite satisfying to the mind.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

The new opera house, erected by a joint-stock company at Aberdeen, was opened on Christmas-eve.

"The Rivals" at Charing-cross Theatre has reached its fiftieth consecutive performance.

The performances of Wagner's "Tannhauser" continue at Bologna with varied success, as on one day it is hissed, and on another applauded.

St. James's Theatre has been compelled to close its doors *nominally* in consequence of the illness of Miss Augusta Thompson. Another and weightier reason is ascribed as the cause in theatrical circles.

Last year the pantomime and burlesque writers were warned by the Lord Chamberlain not to lampoon Mr. Lowe. This year similar notification was given respecting Mr. Ayrton.

An extraordinary sacrifice to the wishes of the female part of the audience has been made at the Wilhelm Theatre, Magdeburg. It has been solemnly announced, that for the future smoking must be disallowed one day in the week. Pipes only will be permitted!

Adolphe Bellot's strange novel, "La Femme de Feu," is being dramatised, and is to be produced at the new Théâtre de la Renaissance in Paris. As the book derives its title from the heroine whose skin possesses phosphorescent qualities, and who is represented as shining in the most marvellous style when seen by night, the stage effects to be expected will be somewhat startling.

The New Opera at Paris is being rapidly proceeded with. The most noticeable object when finished will be the marvellous copper ceiling of the auditorium, consisting of three immense metal plates, which, screwed together, measure thirty-eight feet in circumference. The artist is M. Eugene Lenepven, and he may fairly be styled the chief of the modern French school of painting. The subject depicted is the Triumph of Beauty charmed by Music, and surrounded by the Muses and the Hours of the Day and Night.

The following reproof is administered in the columns of a contemporary to a transpontine audience:—"Should any of the audience peruse these columns we would remind them that painstaking and energetic actors and actresses who work so hard for their amusement ought not to be insulted by filthy language and incessant uproar. This sort of thing may be great fun to certain hulking vagabonds, but must in the end defeat its own object, if object there can be, in behaving worse than brutes."

Sardou's long-expected play, "L'Oncle Sam," is said to have been provisionally interdicted by the Parisian censor on account of the bitterness of its attacks on the Republican institutions of America. M. Sardou is openly accused of plagiarism. The *Figaro* having published an outline of the plot of his new comedy of "L'Oncle Sam," MM. Jules Barbier and Assolant pretend that it is taken from a play called "De Dieu Dollar," which they had written on a tale called "Les Butterflies."

We (*Musical Standard*) mentioned a few week ago the fact of the production in Constantinople of an opera composed by an Armenian named Tikran. This work was of a tragical nature, the story being taken from the early Armenian history. The same composer has now tried his hand at comic operetta, which has been given in brilliant style at the principal theatre in Constantinople. It is entitled "Sherif Aga," and the libretto is written in the Turkish language. The decorations and general *mise en scène* were very good indeed, the Turks taking considerable pride in the performance of this the first Turkish opera.

In an article on Sheridan's "Critic," Mr. Charles Mathews remarks that a play of Miss Johanna Baillie's on the subject of "Mary Queen of Scots," was nearly brought to grief at its first representation by an unrehearsed effect. Miss Macaulay, as Mary, in one of her most affecting scenes sought her lace handkerchief to stem her tears; but having no pockets in her black velvet dress, the handkerchief had been placed in the "placket hole;" and in her vain attempts to find it, she passed her hand up and down several times behind her back with most ludicrous effect, amidst the roars of the audience, who quite mistook the meaning of so equivocal and unqueenly an action.

The pleasure-seekers at the Parisian theatres have not even been kept away by the knowledge that collections would be made between the acts, in aid of the *Figaro* newspaper fund, for the relief of those who have suffered from the late flood. The Variétés, Odéon, and Bouffes Parisiens despatched the most fascinating female members of their respective companies among the audience, and the spectators valiantly responded to the appeal. At the latter establishment, Madame Judic, holding out the Tyrolean hat, which she wears in the opera bouffé "La Timbale d'Argent," reaped a rich harvest; and Mdlle. Debreux, bravely ascending to the highest gallery, in her theatrical dress as a peasant boy, was able to show that the poor were as ready with their coppers as the rich with notes and gold. A bracelet also found its way into the hat of Madame Peschard, at the same theatre, and the management, after having it valued, gave the price to the subscription, but gallantly requested the actress to keep the piece of jewellery.

The Will of Edwin Forrest, the famous American actor, whose death we recently recorded, directs the sale of all his property except Springbrook, in Philadelphia, which he fixed as the location of the "Edwin Forrest Home," which institution shall be for the support and maintenance of actors and actresses decayed by age or disabled by infirmities. An amusing anecdote is related of the deceased gentleman. On one occasion, when a young man, and more famous for his muscle than his genius, he gave a tremendous display of really powerful acting. He was supposed to be a Roman warrior, and to be attacked by six minions of a detested tyrant. At the rehearsals Mr. Forrest found a great deal of fault with the supers who condescended to play the minions. They were too tame. They didn't lay hold of him. They wouldn't go in as if it were a real fight. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supers sulked and consulted. At length the captain of the supers inquired, in his local slang, "Yer want this to be a bully fight, eh?" "I do," replied Mr. Forrest. "All right," rejoined the captain, and the rehearsal quietly proceeded. In the evening the little theatre was crowded, and Mr. Forrest was enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred the great tragedian took the centre of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order. At the cue, "Seize him!" one minion assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero; another raised him six inches from the stage by a well-directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussle. For a moment Mr. Forrest stood astounded, his broad chest heaving with rage, his great eyes flashing fire, his sturdy legs planted like columns upon the stage. Then came the few moments of powerful acting, at the end of which one super was seen sticking head-foremost in the bass drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green-room, and one, finding himself in the flies, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre, and shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest, called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pantingly to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as part of the piece, and "had never seen Forrest act so splendidly."

## THE GALLERY OF A FRENCH THEATRE.

THE Frenchman is essentially dramatic, therefore we are not to wonder that the love of the theatre is one of his strongest passions, and that the drama exercises an influence over the minds of its spectators comparatively unknown over here. Outbursts of sympathy and disapprobation, like those nightly provoked during the representation of "Cromwell," at the Queen's, and of "Charles the First," at the Lyceum, may appear something novel to the British playgoer, but would seem quite natural to any one familiar with the Parisian stage. Allusions, whether political or social, are caught up with electrical rapidity by the entire house, and provoke a storm of applause and derision, positively startling to witness. During the Empire any covert hits at the existing order of things that had escaped the scissors of the *censure* were sure to be seen by the audience and to receive an uproarious reception, and the stormy scenes that greeted Sardou's "Rabagas" shows this spirit to be still abroad. Dramas, too, on purely social subjects have likewise divided their audience into two camps, each warmly enthusiastic.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered that even the gallery audience of a French theatre is far more critically disposed than that of an English one. The blue bloused *titi* is a power, and has to be propitiated accordingly. Intensely appreciative of any little bit of sentiment having reference to the honour of France or filial devotion—his two most vulnerable points—and delighting in a hair-breadth escape or a desperate struggle, he is at the same time keenly alive to anything approaching the ridiculous, and woe be to those who overstep the mark in pathos or passion! On such he lets fall some scathing sarcasm, which is taken up and repeated all over the city next morning.

Our engraving represents the gallery of that famous home of melodrama, the Ambigu-Comique. The audience are watching with wrapt attention the struggles of persecuted innocence, the machinations of plotting villany, or the triumph of love and bravery, which form the usual staple of the pieces presented there.

## IN COURT.

### A PLEASANT CHRISTMAS PARTY.

MR. BUSH, of Upper Rathbone-place, was summoned before Mr. Knox for assaulting Mr. Edward Tapling, of Whitfield-street.

The complainant appeared with his nose partly cased in sticking plaister.

From the evidence of numerous witnesses it appeared that two Christmas parties were being held, and in order to make the matter more pleasant it was arranged that the parties should amalgamate and meet at the house of the complainant. A chairman, Mr. M'Intyre, was appointed, and music was proposed. One of the company proceeded to play the harmonium, but his playing having been disapproved of by some of the company, a dance was suggested. The company began to dance, some one pushed, as alleged, rudely against Mrs. Tapling, an argument ensued, and the amalgamated company, dividing themselves, got at once to loggerheads.

One of the company named Newman described the scene that ensued. The tables, chairs, and paraffin lamp were knocked over, every one attacked his neighbour, and at one time there were twelve or fourteen of the company on the floor, one on the other, pummelling away as hard as possible.

Mr. M'Intyre, the chairman, said he saw all that passed. The defendant did not strike the complainant at all.

Mr. M'Sweeny said there were about fifty persons in the room when the row began. There was a general scrimmage, in the progress of which he, and not the defendant, struck the complainant.

Miss Clifton, one of the guests, saw the defendant strike the complainant

A good deal more contradictory evidence having been given,

Mr. Knox, after remarking that this appeared to have been a very pleasant Christmas party indeed, said, after the admission of Mr. M'Sweeney that he was the person who struck the complainant, he could come to no other decision than to dismiss the summons.

### TAKING A CABMAN AT HIS WORD.

MR. HENRY S. HANSLER, of Prince's-road, Wimbledon Park, was summoned before Mr. Ingham by John Terry, a cabdriver, for 1s., the fare for the hire of his cab.

The complainant said that on boxing-day he was called off the rank in Putney to take up the defendant's wife at the railway station. He drove her a short distance, when she tapped at the window and ordered him to return. She got out, and he asked for one shilling for being called off the rank, but she refused to pay it.

Mrs. Hansler was called as a witness for her husband, and she stated that the constable standing at the station procured her a cab. She got in, and the driver began thrashing the horse immediately. She called out to him and said, "Drive up the hill gently." He said, "If you don't like it, get out." She replied, "Very well, let me get out." She got out, and he demanded 1s. She went by another cab, and paid 2s. for the fare.

Mr. Ingham thought an end had been put to the contract by mutual consent.

The witness said that was what she thought.

Mr. Ingham remarked that the complainant had a right to drive as he thought proper, but it would be upon his own responsibility. He told the lady if she did not like it to get out, and she did get out.

The complainant said it was not true.

Mr. Ingham said there was no evidence to support the complainant's statement, and therefore he dismissed the summons.

### A CLERICAL SQUABBLE.

AT Greenwich, a person who represented himself to be the Rev. F. Hunt, applied to Mr. Maude for summonses for assault under the following extraordinary circumstances:—The applicant stated that in July last he entered upon the duties of a preacher at Christ Church, Lee, Blackheath, for a trial of three months, at the request of the Rev. Mr. Berry, the acting curate for the incumbent of the church, the Rev. J. F. Sims, then away on the continent. At the end of the three months he received the appointment of the Sunday evening lectureship at the church in the vestry-room from the two churchwardens, who represented the other portion ot the congregation. He had performed the duties since, receiving a quarter's stipend. After entering upon the second quarter he received a notice that he would not be again required at the services in question, but had sent a reply that he should continue to hold them. On presenting himself at the church on the previous evening, and at the conclusion of the singing of the hymn preceding the sermon, a man was pointed out to him as being a detective police-constable, who was there to prevent any disturbance. He asked the man so pointed out for his authority to act as a constable, whereupon the man brandished a policeman's truncheon. Applicant then attempted to ascend to the pulpit, but was prevented. In the disturbance that ensued the detective kicked him about the legs, and another constable who had been in the vestry with other persons, interfered. Mr. Maude inquired if the applicant had any written appointment to the church, or a licence to preach? The applicant replied that he had had no such written appointment excepting a letter of engagement for three months. Neither had he a licence, as there was no endowment to the church, the salary being paid to him out of the rents of seat-holders. Mr. Maude doubted whether he had power to act in the matter, and suggested that it should be inquired into and settled elsewhere. The applicant said he had that morning written a letter to the Archbishop of the diocese. With regard to the violence that had been used towards him he wished the persons brought before that court. Mr. Maude again expressed an opinion that he had no jurisdiction. The applicant had forcibly attempted to insist upon a right which had been resisted, and directly any case arising out of so doing came before him the question of right would be raised, and he would have no power to adjudicate. The applicant replied that he did not see how the question of right could be so raised, as he was, *prima facie*, having entered upon a second quarter of his engagement, in possession of the pulpit on Sunday evenings as lecturer. Mr. Maude said the applicant had nothing to show that this was so, and such engagement might have been revoked the day after it was made. He was afraid he could not grant the summonses asked for. The applicant, before leaving the witness box, said he thought the magistrate had acted in a most partial manner in refusing the summonses. Mr. Maude told him he had no right to make such an observation, as he must know it was most indecent and disrespectful. If the applicant thought he was in the wrong in refusing to issue the summonses he could apply to a Judge of a superior court to issue a *mandamus* to compel him to do so. The applicant then retired, evidently much dissatisfied.

MR. CROMPTON HUTTON, who sat as county court judge for the first time on Friday, must have formed a high idea of the amount of intelligence prevailing on Circuit No. 5. One of the very first cases which came before the new judge at Bury was one of witchcraft. The plaintiff, a young girl, sought to recover wages in lieu of notice, and the value of a box of clothing, alleged to be wrongfully detained. About two months ago, the defendant—one Mr. John Beesty, a dyer and bleacher—turned her out of his service and his house at half-past ten at night, on a charge for which she might have been burned in what Mr. Beesty probably considers the good old times. A fellow-servant, no doubt fired by the recent example of the "Camberwell Ghost," had been amusing herself for some time past by setting the bells of the house ringing, and when detected, accused the plaintiff of having bewitched the bells, and of having a very thin father who "pulled faces" over the staircase. This was enough for the bleacher and dyer, who not only dismissed the alleged witch, but would not give up her boxes, on the ground that she had "bewitched" the key out of the door of the room where she had kept them. Mr. Hutton did not adjourn the case for the opinion of experts and for the result of scientific investigations, as no doubt he ought to have done. He found for the reputed "witch," without even submitting her to the ordeal of the horse-pond. But it is rather melancholy to think that, if the poor girl had really pulled the bells, and, instead of being called a witch, had called herself a "medium," she might have been rewarded by idiots instead of being persecuted by them. Perhaps the *Times* will take notice that a judicial investigation is sometimes the most "scientific" that can be devised.

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, a youth, has been fined by the Leicester magistrates two guineas, in default two months, for kissing against her will a young woman named Ruth Grant, whom he met in the streets on boxing-night, and whose dress was torn and umbrella broken in the resistance.

## THE CORAM STREET MYSTERY.

As far as the police are concerned everything possible seems to have been done to discover the murderer of the unfortunate woman in the house in Great Coram-street. Superintendent Thomson has succeeded in ascertaining all the previous history of the murdered woman. Almost her every movement on Christmas-eve when she left her lodgings till she returned to them on Christmas morning, has been traced, and much information has been gained respecting the appearance of the man with whom she went home. She left the house in Great Coram-street at ten o'clock on Christmas-eve, and went to the Alhambra. She borrowed a shilling to pay for admission to the Alhambra, and devoted the shilling to that purpose. In the Alhambra she drank with several persons. Her companions who saw her at the Alhambra on that night state that she appeared to be in excellent spirits. There is no doubt she picked up at the Alhambra with the man who accompanied her home. At a quarter past eleven she entered Cavour's Hotel in company with this same person, who is described as a young man about twenty-five years of age, a foreigner, standing about 5ft. 8in. high. They had cold fowl and stout, which came to 4s. 6d. The man paid the bill with half-a-sovereign, receiving in exchange two half-crowns and sixpence. Before leaving, the deceased asked the waiter for a piece of lemon, and then, wishing the landlady a "Merry Christmas," left the house in company with the man just before twelve. As many as twenty persons say that they saw her with this man at Cavour's Hotel at the time mentioned. In nearly every particular this man answers the description given of the person who entered the fruiterer's shop afterwards in company with the deceased. Indeed, the only discrepancy in the evidence with regard to the appearance of the man has reference to his overcoat. It was stated in the first instance that the man wore a black overcoat. The waiter at Cavour's Hotel, who attended the murdered woman and the man by whom she was accompanied, says positively it was a black overcoat, and adds that he ought to know, as he helped the man to put on his coat before leaving the hotel. They remained at the hotel about half an hour. They left there at ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and at a quarter past twelve o'clock they were seen in Piccadilly-circus, arm-in-arm, waiting for the Islington omnibus. There are five persons who are able to say they saw them in the omnibus soon after. At the turning in the Euston-road leading down to great Coram-street they got out. So that all remains now is for some one to come forward to say who this man is.

The adjourned inquest into the cause of Harriet Buswell's death was resumed on Monday. Mr. T. E. Murphy, recalled, said he had no idea that chloroform or any narcotic was administered to the deceased while asleep. One of the lodgers was next examined, and in the course of his evidence it was incidentally stated that there was not the slightest suspicion of the murder having been committed by any person in the house. The landlord was then called, and expressed his opinion that the crime was perpetrated by the man whom he heard leaving the place at an early hour in the morning; certainly by no one in the house—it was too respectable for that. Subsequent testimony accounted for the movements of the deceased on the night of Christmas-eve, and her presence at the Cavour Restaurant in Leicester-square, in company with a foreigner, and at a fruiterer's shop in Compton-street, Brunswick-square, was also spoken to. As there are more witnesses to be examined the inquiry was again adjourned, the jury expressing a strong opinion that the reward offered by the Home-office for information leading to the arrest of the assassin ought to be increased. Acting upon this recommendation the authorities have raised the sum from £100 to £200.

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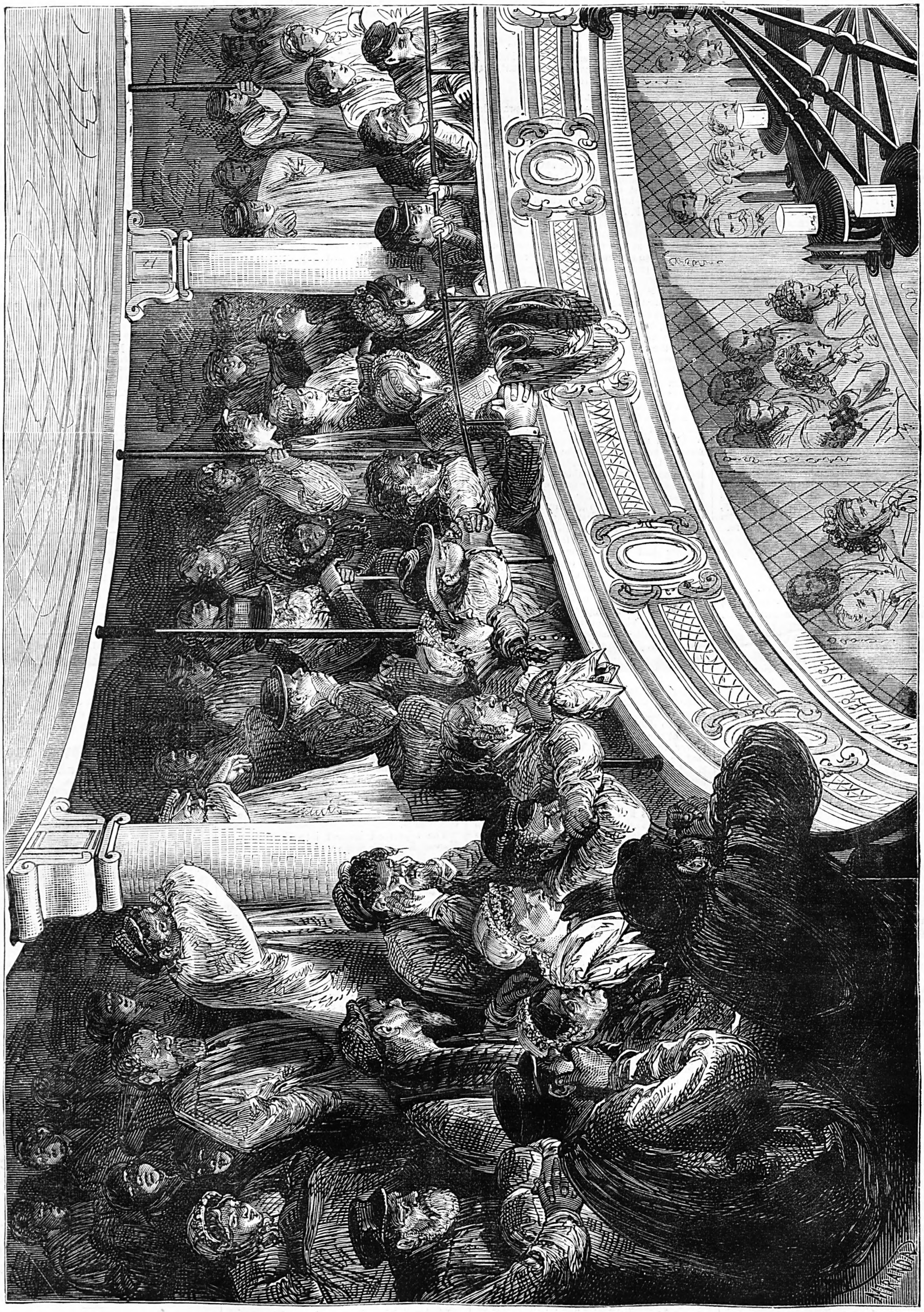

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